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By the men . . . for the men in the service

COMRADES

Landing in Burma with Cochran's Air Commandos

Story and Pictures, Pages 2-3-4-5.

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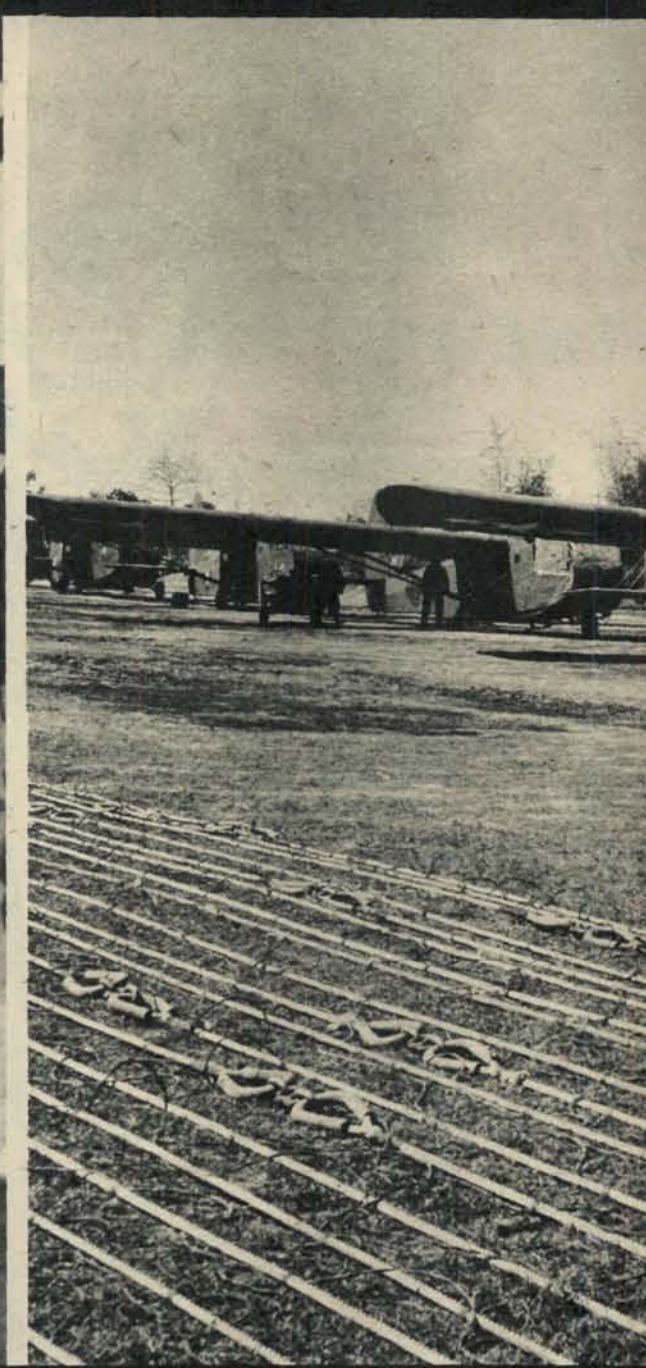
A BRITISH SOLDIER TAKES A LAST SWIG OF BEER BEFORE GETTING ON A GLIDER. THAT'S AN AMERICAN AT LEFT.

GLIDERS LINED UP IN INDIA JUST BEFORE THE TAKE-O



COL. COCHRAN GIVES GLIDER PILOTS SOME POINTED INFORMATION BEFORE THE FLIGHT TO BURMA.

An eyewitness report from a YANK correspondent who landed 150 miles behind the Japanese lines with Col. Phil Cochran's glider and transport flyers in one of the most daring airborne attacks of the war.

By Sgt. ED CUNNINGHAM
YANK Staff Correspondent

BEHIND JAPANESE LINES IN BURMA—Coasting down by moonlight onto an abandoned rice paddy, 150 miles behind Jap lines in the very center of enemy-occupied Burma, glider-borne U. S. Air Commandos carried out one of the most daring all-aerial operations in history. The American-piloted gliders, carrying U. S. airborne aviation engineers and a protecting British force of the famous Wingate's Raiders, landed in a jungle clearing that was rutted by buffalo bogs and elephant footprints and strewn with massive teakwood logs.

Twenty-four hours later the rice paddy was one of the world's busiest airstrips. Working all night and all day with engineering equipment flown in by the gliders, the U. S. engineers constructed a graded, well-lighted runway for U. S. and RAF transport planes. These transports, landing at night, in turn unloaded hundreds of Wingate's jungle troops, together with pack mules, light artillery and supplies.

That schedule was continued for the next five nights without the loss of a single transport plane. The airborne delivery saved the forces of Maj. Gen. Orde C. Wingate a two-month march through the jungles and put them squarely astride the Japs' chief lines of communication in Northern Burma. (Wingate himself was later killed in a Burma plane crash.)

The all-aerial invasion was conceived by Gen. Henry H. Arnold, chief of the U. S. Army Air Forces, and planned by two young American fighter pilots whose instructions from the general were to "start dreaming." They did. The result was an invasion plan that made Buck Rogers look like Colonel Blimp.

The invasion planners were Col. Philip G. Cochran, 34-year-old Erie (Pa.) pilot, who is the real-life Flip Corkin of Milton Caniff's comic strip, "Terry and the Pirates," and another famous combat pilot whose name may not be disclosed. Close friends since their flying-school days, Cochran and the other airman were naturals for the jobs of CO and deputy of the new Air Commando Force. Both loved a fight; both believed firmly in the value of daring, unorthodox air tactics.

Cochran's Commandos hit the Japs just where they never expected to be hit—right in the middle of their own back yard. They did it with an integrated striking force that included seven types of aircraft, all regular components of the Air Commando Force. Gliders, towed by C-47s, brought in GI engineers with midget equipment to build an airstrip; single-engined C-64 supply ships and tiny L-5 reconnaissance planes came next; a fleet of C-47 troop carrier planes followed the next night with reinforcements.

Cochran protected his enemy-encircled landing party by daily bombings of nearby Jap airfields, beating them to the punch for seven days before they finally managed to organize a strafing attack against the new U. S. airstrip. His P-51 fighter-bombers carried a 1,000-pound bomb under each wing, the first time a single-engined plane has attempted such a heavy bomb load. Other P-51s carried 200-foot cables with weights

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ROPES ARE STRETCHED ACROSS THE FOREGROUND

LTS J. SHINKLE (LEFT) AND D. SEESE

attached; these planes swooped low over Jap telephone and communications lines, hooked their dangling weights on the wires and ripped off several hundred feet at a time. This trick was first used by Cochran himself in North Africa.

Even the B-25 bombers of the Air Commando Force were flown by former fighter pilots, who peeled off as if they were handling P-51s to dive-bomb and strafe at treetop levels. Later Cochran stationed several of his fighter planes at the new airstrip to beat off enemy air attacks.

The first two gliders encountered Jap ack-ack while being towed to their objective, a flight that took them across the 7,000-foot Chin Hills and the Chindwin and Irrawaddy Rivers. With only the moonlight to guide them, the gliders coasted in blind onto a strange field, obstructed by ruts, logs and a large tree in the very center. Each glider carried tough British assault troops as a defense against Jap ground attack.

Maj. William H. Taylor of St. Louis, Mo., glider unit CO, piloted the first ship to land, with T/Sgt. Perry L. Garten of Kansas City, Mo., line chief of the glider ground crews, as his co-pilot. The second glider was piloted by 2d Lt. Neal Blush of Whitefish, Mont., with Cpl. John Kinner of Iron River, Mich., as co-pilot. By the light of smudge pots carried in the gliders, they set up an electric lighting system to guide in other planes arriving later. Meanwhile British patrols pushed deep into the surrounding jungles, on the lookout for hostile forces.

As additional gliders coasted in, their pilots had to hurdle them over teakwood logs and buffalo bogs that suddenly loomed up in the way. Several accidents resulted, but only two caused severe casualties; the American and British dead were buried nearby after a Burmese chaplain conducted funeral services. Many gliders had to make 360-degree turns at almost treetop level to avoid hitting the disabled gliders on the overcrowded field.

In one freak crash, a glider coasted directly between two trees, less than 10 feet apart, shearing off both wings. A large piece of equipment that the glider was hauling, intended for the airborne engineers, was torn loose from its moorings.

The machinery hooked into the corner brace of the glider's movable nose, forcing it to unlock and throwing the nose into the air. Then the 4,195-pound piece of machinery hurtled out the nose, past the pilot and co-pilot, turning over three times and coming to a stop 10 yards from the glider. When F/O Gene A. Kelly of Milwaukee, Wis., pilot, and Sgt. Joseph A. DeSalvo of Cincinnati, Ohio, co-pilot, were released from their inverted cockpit, where they were dangling upside down, they had only minor injuries.

Nine GI engineers and a shave tail, who became the unit commander when the CO was killed in a glider crash, went to work constructing the airstrip as soon as they landed. They dynamited the tree in the center, dragged off teakwood logs and crippled gliders with their equipment, filled in buffalo bogs and then—at 0600—began grading a strip on which the transport planes were to land that night. Five hours later they had a very sizable strip ready for the Air Commando Force's L-5 planes, sent in to ferry out injured U. S. and British troops.

At 1900 hours, the engineers finished work on a much larger runway, to be used by the troop transport planes. Twenty-five minutes later the first one landed. The tired and hungry engineers —a crackers-and-jam lunch was their only food for 26 hours—watched the first 12 troop planes land. Then they bunked down on the ground for their first sleep in 38 hours.

The engineers were S/Sgt. Raymond J. Bluthardt of Ogden, Kans.; Sgt. Stanley J. Ryniec of Long Island City, N. Y.; Sgt. William W. Geider

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PILOTS AND CREWS OF TROOP-CARRIER PLANES AT A PRE-INVASION BRIEFING.

CAMOUFLAGED AMERICAN AIR COMMANDOS ARE CHECKED IN BY A GLIDER PILOT.

of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Cpl. Ralph R. Hammond of South Colton, N. Y.; Cpl. Walter J. Hybarger of Freeport, Ill.; Cpl. Merling E. Sneed of Springfield, Mo.; Pfc. Raymond Hylton of Clifton, Va.; Pfc. Paul F. Johnson of Proctorville, Ohio, and Pvt. Robert E. Wade of Houston, Tex. Their CO was 2d Lt. Robert Brackett of Los Angeles, Calif., a GI who went to OCS.

I WAS on the first troop transport to land on the second night of the airborne invasion of Burma. It was a Troop Carrier Command plane, piloted by Brig. Gen. W. Donald Old of Uvalde, Tex., and was loaded with men of a famous British North Country regiment. An unexpected tail wind pushed us many miles beyond the enemy-held east bank of the Chindwin River before dusk, a half hour ahead of schedule. At the astral dome of our C-47, Sgt. Richard H. Barlow of Jamestown, N. Y., the crew chief, kept a constant watch for enemy fighters, but none came up to intercept us.

Many of the English soldiers were veterans of Norway and Dunkerque. They didn't seem a bit worried, even though they were flying in an unarmed and unescorted transport over enemy territory toward an invasion objective where they might be thrown into instant battle. Some read, others talked casually as they made last-minute checks on their Lee-Enfield rifles and Sten guns.

Since our take-off in India, a Lancashire steel worker in the next seat, Sgt. F. W. Hutchinson, had been reading a book. Just before we landed he finished it. I picked it up. It was Jeffrey Farnol's "Adam Penfeather, Buccaneer." The first sentence read: "The executioner adjusted his noose and spoke hoarsely in the doomed man's ear." I didn't read any further. For my money, that was one hell of a book to be reading en route to an invasion.

Our C-47 hit the strip shortly after dark and rolled to a stop on the grass runway almost as easily as it would have done on concrete. Electric guide lights on both sides of the strip shone as brightly as if this were a Nebraska cornfield.

The airstrip's "control tower" was located in a glider parked near the south end of the runway. Two enlisted communications men, using a radio transmitter set up on the glider's right wing, directed traffic as the first transports came in. The GIs took their orders from Cochran's deputy, who had piloted one of the first gliders that landed the night before.

Squatting on the glider's wing, the deputy gave radio instructions to four C-47s circling the field for a landing while another ship taxied out on the runway for a take-off. "Tower, Tower to the ships coming in," said the deputy. "The landing is from south to north. Wait for our green light before making your approach. Do you read me?" The first circling plane replied immediately. "7307 to Tower, 7307 to Tower. Roger." The other three planes gave similar radio replies.

"Give that guy on the runway the green light," the deputy ordered M/Sgt. Otto Grunow, communications sergeant from Grand Junction, Mich. Grunow flashed the green blinker on his biscuit gun. The C-47 roared past our glider perch and took off toward the mountains to the south, headed back to India for another load of Wingate's invasion troops.

Less than three minutes later the four circling C-47s were parked at the north end of the strip. Battle-equipped English and Gurkha soldiers, leading pack mules, stepped out of the transport planes, lined up and marched in formation toward their nearby bivouac areas. No shots or signs of opposition came from the nearby woods —only the noisy chatter of jungle birds. We might have been on maneuvers.

In the temporary traffic lull, the deputy remarked: "Do you guys realize where we are? We're right in the middle of Jap territory, causing a hell of a racket, and they're not doing anything about it."

"We're too damned busy to worry about it, sir," Grunow said. "But if we told the folks back home that we were operating an airport 150 miles inside enemy lines, they'd call us liars."

"Yeah, they would," agreed T/Sgt. Alex McGregor, a radio operator from Chowchilla, Calif. "But I'll bet we're doing more business tonight than they are at LaGuardia Field. With electric landing lights, radio ground control, homing assistance and everything else. And the Japs still don't know it."

"They will," the deputy warned. "We'd better get some red flares up here in case of an air raid. The Japs have a field less than 10 minutes' flying time from here."

"Here comes another flight," he remarked, pointing to three red pinpoints high in the western sky. He picked up the microphone and Grunow switched on the radio transmitter.

"Tower, Tower to the planes approaching the field. Your landing is from south to north. Over."

"Roger," came back the laconic reply.

The three C-47s moved into the traffic pattern, swung into their base leg and started to set down. They came in so close together that it seemed as if the rear planes would crash into the lead ship before it could taxi to its parking strip.

I clocked them as they came in. The second plane's wheels hit the runway just 32 seconds after the lead plane landed. The third plane sat down 36 seconds after the second plane.

THAT precision-timed traffic went on all night. On one occasion six planes were landed, unloaded and headed back to India in 20 minutes flat. From the India side, planes were taking off every two minutes for this airstrip, with 20-minute intervals between each flight of six. The ferry service was as routine as the subway shuttle between Times Square and Grand Central Station in New York City.

American sergeant-pilots operated an equally effective ferry service from the Burma end, flying out British wounded in light planes, the first ones to land on the new strip the morning after the glider landings. After evacuating the first Allied casualties, the sergeant-pilots returned to carry out British and Gurkha soldiers who were wounded in later clashes with Jap ground forces.

The sergeant-pilots also flew daily reconnaissance patrols, spotting enemy movements and disrupting Jap pack-animal supply trains.

Jap ground forces attacked the airstrip several days after the airborne delivery of troops was completed. From then on, the sergeant-pilots made their landings and take-offs in the face of heavy Jap mortar and machine-gun fire. British patrols protected the Yank pilots during the loading of wounded soldiers onto the planes for mercy flights to hospitals in India.

The Japs established themselves at one end of the runway where an American plane was dispersed. They slashed the fabric with bayonets and punctured the gas tank with rifle fire.

Creeping through the trees to within 30 yards of the Jap positions, S/Sgt. James Oliveto of New York City made a run for the dispersal area, jumped into the plane and taxied it back to the Allied stronghold at the other end of the field, amid a shower of Jap bullets. There was just enough gas left in the punctured tank for Oliveto to start the engine and keep going until he got back to the Allied area.

But Oliveto was not finished. He went back again, this time even closer to Jap positions, to steal a spare wing tank lying in the dispersal area. With this tank, Oliveto, M/Sgt. Howard Class of Gwynedd Valley, Pa., and T/Sgt. Fintain

MAJ. GEN. WINGATE (RIGHT), COMMANDER OF THE TROOPS INVADING BURMA BY AIR, WAITS FOR THE TAKE-OFF. HE WAS KILLED LATER IN A PLANE CRASH

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Maegerle of Tarrytown N Y, were able to repair the plane so it could be used to ferry out more Allied wounded.

THE same night the first troop transports went into our airstrip, another fleet of Commando gliders landed at a second point in enemy-held Burma several miles to the south. Sudden up- and downdrafts over the mountains forced the gliders to sway and dip like flying surfboards. Jap ack-ack guns opened up as the gliders passed over the Chindwin River, but all got through safely. F/O (now 2d Lt.) Jackie Coogan, onetime child star of the movies, piloted the first glider to land. His tow-plane pilot was Maj. William T. Cherry Jr. of Quail, Tex., who had also towed the first glider into the first field. Cherry piloted Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker's B-17 when it made a forced landing in the Central Pacific in 1942.

Coogan cut his glider loose from the tow plane at 1,000 feet, did a 360-degree turn and landed at 120 miles per hour on an unlighted field, covered with four-foot grass. While his load of Gurkha troops fanned out for security guard, he began setting out smudge pots to guide other gliders in.

All landed safely except one, which overshot the field and crashed, killing the pilot and two GI engineers and destroying the engineering equipment it was carrying. Without the equipment, the other U. S. aviation engineers were unable to start work on an airstrip that night. They were ordered to lie low and keep out of sight all the next day; there were fewer than 150 Gurkhas on hand to guard against any Jap thrust.

At sundown the next night, the Gurkhas started cutting down the high grass with their *kukri* knives. They had cleared 12 acres of land when a glider coasted in at 2100 hours, bringing a piece of engineering equipment from India.

Shortly after, F/Os Billy Mohr of Portland, Oreg., and Vernon Noland of Port Neches, Tex., flew in with a glider from the first Burma strip, carrying another piece of equipment and Cpl. Hybarger to operate it. Other gliders followed with two more pieces of machinery and a jeep.

At 2115 hours, the aviation engineers, under 1st Lt. Jerome Andrulonis of Shenandoah, Pa., went to work. There were just five men on hand to operate the four pieces of equipment, the odd man doubling as mechanic for the other four and as chauffeur for the jeep, which raced around the field delivering messages or towing gliders off the runway. Exactly four hours after the engineers began work, they completed a 3,000-foot grass runway, on which a C-47 set down at 0125 hours with British reinforcements.

Lt. Andrulonis and his men—Sgt. Joseph D. Walker of Richards, Tex.; Cpl. Ronald J. Cain of South Lincoln, Mass.; Pfc. Robert Bennett of Monroeton, Pa.; Pfc. Kay C. Eminbitzer of Bellefonte, Pa., and the lend-leased Cpl. Hybarger—worked all that night and the next day, leveling and grading the runway for the third night's operations. All their tools, except a screw driver and a crescent wrench, had been destroyed in the glider crash, so equipment repairs took plenty of ingenuity. At 0500 hours, Bennett fell asleep while driving one of the machines that was towing another operated by Cain. Bennett woke up as his vehicle ran off the runway. Looking back, he saw Cain sprawled on the ground. Cain had dozed off, too, while standing up in his machine. Neither was hurt.

AFTER THE LANDINGS A GURKHA PATROL MOVES THROUGH BURMA JUNGLES, LED BY AN ENGLISH OFFICER.

Three days after Coogan landed, the Jap bombers came over and ripped the strip to bits. But by this time it didn't matter much; all the British troops had moved out the night before, headed for a new objective, and the Americans had gone, too, taking along their gliders and engineering equipment. All the Japs did was waste their bombs on what had been only a temporary landing strip for Wingate's Raiders.

ON the one occasion when a serious counter-attack was imminent, Cochran's fighters and bombers beat the Jap air force to the punch.

The Japs had concentrated more than 100 bombers and fighters at three adjoining Burma airfields for an attack on either the first Burma airstrip or Cochran's headquarters in India.

While dive-bombing one of the enemy's airfields in Burma on the fourth day of the invasion, in a routine attack to keep the Japs off balance, a flight of P-51s spotted several Jap planes parked below and followed through with a strafing attack, setting fire to every enemy ship on the field. While the P-51s were engaged in strafing, 12 Zeros attempting to come into the field were intercepted and two of them were shot down by the four U. S. top-cover planes, at the cost of one of our aircraft.

Returning from a bombing attack on another Jap airfield, a second flight of P-51s spotted about 90 enemy aircraft on the ground at Onbauk. Strafing the field and setting fire to Jap planes, they headed for home when their ammunition was exhausted. As soon as the P-51s landed, Cochran sent B-25s back. Using fragmentation and incendiary bombs, they left installations and planes on the field in flames.

One-fifth of the known enemy air strength in the area was destroyed by that combined attack. The P-51s of the Air Commando Force accounted for 24 fighters, seven bombers and one transport, while the B-25s knocked out 12 fighters. 1st Lt. Hubert L. Krugg, a P-51 pilot from Fort Collins, Colo., hung up high score for the day with five Jap planes destroyed on the ground. Two other fighter pilots, Capt. Duke Phillips of San Antonio, Tex., and Capt. Lester J. Murray of Fresno, Calif., were credited with three Japs apiece.

Not until five days later were the Japs able to strike again, this time with 20 planes that strafed the first Burma strip. British Spitfires hopped them, shooting down five and forcing the others to break contact.

Cochran's Commandos went back into action again to help some British troops make a difficult river crossing. F/Os Jake Newland of Spokane, Wash.; Walter M. Steinke of Niagara, Wis.; Hadley Baldwin of Lisbon, N. Dak., and Troy Shaw of Hot Springs, Ark., piloted their gliders onto a sand bar at 2230 hours and unloaded several flat-bottomed, motor-powered collapsible boats, with which the British crossed.

On their return flight, towed by Capt. John N. Dehoney of Kansas City, Mo., and 1st Lt. Vincent L. Ulery of Newark, Ohio, the gliders brought back four Burmese traitors captured by the British forces, probably the first time prisoners of war have been transported that way.

Prize story and major mystery of the all-aerial Burma invasion concerns a Gurkha soldier who stepped where angels should fear to tread. He was in a glider 7,000 feet over the mountains when nature called. Invasion gliders have no facilities for such human frailties but that didn't deter the Gurkha. He simply walked to the rear of the fuselage, stepped on the frail fabric that is the only flooring in that section of the glider and made his own facilities. The pilot, F/O Charles Turner of Palo Pinto, Tex., almost fainted when he saw the Gurkha standing there. The fabric ordinarily won't support a five-pound weight, let alone a Gurkha and his hob-nailed boots. But it did; the footprints are there on the fabric to prove it.

F/Os JOHN PRICE JR. (LEFT) AND JOHN GOTHAM AFTER THEY HAD WALKED 130 MILES IN 15 DAYS TO ESCAPE JAPS WHEN THEIR GLIDERS CRASHED.

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An Indian Boy in Iran

By Cpl. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Correspondent

NORTHERN IRAN — There's a Persian Gulf Command rest camp perched on top of a mountain here—a sort of poor man's version of a spot in the Adirondacks. But it's cool and it was picked as a place to give relief to dusty, sun-drunk truckers and railroaders and longshoremen who come up from the 175-degree weather below.

Not far from the camp is a village of about 600 Kurd tribesmen. They are a quiet, suspicious bunch of people, caught in the backwash of civilization and living now as their people have done for centuries. The Kurds have little use for the outside world, let alone for the wild gang of GIs who ride hell-for-leather through their village on Arabian ponies. But there was one GI at the rest camp whom the Kurds came to consider as a sort of patron saint.

This GI was Sgt. Julian Smith, an Indian from the Sioux reservation near Poplar, Mont. Like almost every other Indian in the Army, he was known as the Chief. He was riding master at the camp, with 10 Arabian ponies under his care.

The Chief stabled his horses in a dingy barn on the outskirts of the village. His caretaker was an old man of the Kurd tribe who spoke a little English. For a long while he was the only tribesman Smith knew, and in time they became friends.

The old man had trachoma, a bad case of it, and his nearly blind eyes were rheumy and almost hidden by layers of crusty scabs. One morning the Chief brought his first-aid kit to the stable. It was a standard company medical kit used to patch up the inevitable cuts that happened when a GI and his pony didn't quite agree.

Sgt. Smith took out a few cotton swabs, some mercuric acid and a bottle of argyrol. He pointed to the old man's eyes and said, "Come here." The Kurd put up an argument but—possibly because he was afraid he might lose his job—gave in.

The Chief washed out the eyes with argyrol and flushed them with mercuric acid. In a week the eyes were visible behind the scabs and after three weeks of bathing the scabs were gone.

One day the caretaker arrived with two other villagers. He pointed to their eyes, also infected by trachoma. The Chief treated them.

A little later there came a villager with his daughter and her 8-year-old child. The kid's legs had been badly scalded and now the left one was covered with jellylike scabs a quarter-inch thick. Some dirty substance had been rubbed over them.

"What did you put on her legs?" the Chief asked the mother, using the old man as an interpreter. She said she had taken her child to a village healer known only as the Woman, who had "treated" the legs first.

In earthy Montana English, the Chief spent five minutes cursing. Then he went to work, peeling off the scabs and massaging the raw flesh with tannic acid jelly. He had the mother bring the child back two days later, and then he spread 10-percent sulfa powder over the legs. The girl had developed a fever.

The Chief went back to camp, bought some fruit juice from the PX and stole a can opener. He gave the fruit juice and some aspirin to the mother and then spoke to the old man.

"Tell her not to give the kid anything but a can of this fruit juice, three aspirin and a pint of water every day. Tell her to bring the child back in three days."

In three days the fever was gone and the child's legs were better. The Chief kept sprinkling them with sulfa powder. In three weeks they were healed.

Then came the avalanche. The story of the child had been whispered around the village, and soon the Chief had a line in front of his stable as long as the one before a battalion dispensary on the eve of maneuvers. He treated them all.

He chiseled condensed milk from a cook in exchange for an extra ride on one of the ponies and fed the milk to kids with stomachs bound up from an indigestible diet. He requisitioned so much medical stuff from the dispensary that the docs began to think the vacationing GIs were riding dragons instead of horses.

By this time the Chief was beginning to pick up a few words of the Kurd language but, as he puts it, "I really didn't need much of it. The people in that village were like my own people back on the Fort Peck reservation. They had the same ailments, suspicions, simplicity and poverty. Seems all poor people talk the same language."

Sgt. Smith was born on a Sioux reservation. He went to Chemawa, a boarding school for destitute Indians, and played a lot of football there. Later he won an athletic scholarship to Willamette University at Salem, Oreg., where he majored in English and played varsity football and baseball.

In his junior year his father died. Smith quit school. His family needed money much more than an educated son. He went back to the reservation and found that his father's death could have been easily forestalled; he had refused medical aid.

"Same old story as with these Kurds. He was afraid of something new."

BUT the tribesmen were becoming less and less afraid of something new. When the long lines began to form in front of the Chief's stable, opposition developed. The Woman started raising hell and the head tribesman, one Mamat Bey, was ready to kick the Chief off the premises.

Just about that time the Chief and a bunch of GIs were riding through the hills one day when they found an unconscious native kid on the side of the road; a pony stood nearby. The kid was bleeding from a jagged hole an inch wide on the left side of his nose, and a bloody branch of a tree was jutting from the hole.

They carried the kid back to the stable and the Chief, after removing the branch, found that it had speared through to the child's mouth. He bathed the wound with hot water and packed it with sulfa powder. The old man informed him that the child was a nephew of Mamat Bey. When the kid became conscious, the Chief carried him home.

Next morning Mamat Bey, with the boy, was at the head of the stable dispensary line. He said nothing, but grinned while the Chief dressed his little nephew's wound.

Two days later Mamat Bey paid an official visit with his tribal council. He talked too fast for the Chief to understand, but when all the speech making was finished they escorted the Chief to a vineyard. "It's all yours," said the old caretaker. The Chief grinned and said "Thanks." Mamat Bey grinned and said "Okay, Johnee." It was the only English he knew.

When the Chief had to leave the rest camp for good a little later, he gave back the vineyard with the practical comment: "Can't take it with me in a B-bag."

Sgt. Smith's popularity with the Kurds had reached the attention of headquarters, and he had been ordered to Teheran as athletic adviser to the Iran Military Academy, the Persian West Point.

The day before his departure he was invited to Mamat Bey's house. A dinner was given in his honor and Persian music was played on an ancient victrola. Then the Chief was led outside where most of the village was gathered. They took off their hats and faced Mecca. The Chief took off his fatigue hat and faced Mecca.

As the villagers prayed, the old caretaker translated: "May Allah take you safely on your journey in the thundering wagon. May Allah always be your friend and may He someday bring you back to your friends in this village."

This Week's Cover

DRAMA on a muddy trail leading from Hill 260 to Papitalai Point in the Admiralty Islands: an American soldier helps a GI who has been wounded in the left leg to get back to a medical station. For more of Cpl. Bill Alcine's photographs of the successful Admiralty Islands' campaign, see pages 12-13.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Cpl. Bill Alcine. 2, 3, 4 & 5—Sgt. Ed Cunningham. 7—Sgt. Dil Ferris. 8—Signal Corps. 10—Ladd Field, Alaska. 12 & 13—Cpl. Alcine. 14—Columbia Pictures. 18—Upper, Fort Jackson, S. C.; lower left, Signal Corps; lower right, PRO, Kelly Field, Tex. 19—Upper, Signal Corps; lower left, AAF; lower right, Photo Section, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md. 20—20th Century-Fox. 23—Acme.

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How do you like American soldiers?

RAYMONDE HILL: Most of them are swell people. Some try a "fast job" now and then, but I pay no attention. I'll miss them when they leave.

SIMONE LENAISTRE: *Ils sont tres gentils et je les aime beaucoup.* (They are very nice and I am very fond of them.)

LOULETTE HILL (Raymonde Hill's sister): Some are nice, some are not so nice. They don't even know you, yet they call you "sweetheart."

ANDRE COURTOT: They are a lot of fun but will cause a lot of heart-aches for those local girls who are dumb enough to believe them.

YVETTE HANNQUIN: Most of them are good boys. They're all good if they don't drink too much. I would say they're OK.

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Houses of

They are dark and dingy but GIs at the Cassino front won't forget how comfortable life was behind their thick walls when the German shells were thundering outside.

By Sgt. NEWTON H. FULBRIGHT

WITH THE FIFTH ARMY IN ITALY—The house on the east bank of the Rapido River was a very fine house for a CP. Like all Italian houses, it was built entirely of stone; there was no wood in its construction at all. It was two-storied, and there were many rooms. A room on the ground floor of a strong two-story house, on the side that is as far from Jerry as you can get, always makes a fine company or battalion CP.

There were barrels of *vino* in this house. The men drank the *vino* and slept in the beds and cooked in the large, smoky, messy fireplace, and lived as well as can be expected on the Italian front.

Looking back over the whole Italian campaign, especially the "40 days and 40 nights" on the Rapido River and the high cold hills above Cassino and the celebrated Abbey, I feel that the big, dingy and terribly dirty old houses of Italy have had an epic meaning in the lives of us all.

After I was captured by the Germans at Altavilla, I learned from them how to appreciate a good house. And there is something about a house—aside from its massive stone walls, tile roof and thick braced concrete floors above your head—that is spiritual, emotionally embracing and warm.

Sitting on a bed roll with two or three massive *vino* barrels in an opposite corner, I have enjoyed with our men a particular joviality and comradeship, a sort of high security, while German shells thundered a few short yards away.

"The Tedeschi is a madman," someone may say. "Listen at that—like a mad ol' man coming in the house an' kicking the dogs off the porch an' smashing cooking pots and glass bottles all over the kitchen."

We made a costly attempt to cross the Rapido on Jan. 21. After that we stayed in our houses, and the Jerry stayed in his on the smoothly sloping west side of the river. Occasionally someone at an OP would call down to us in Company M and report that the Jerry had been spotted in a house across the river. Then our mortars out in the yard would get busy. Sgt. Quentin D. Barrington of Hubbard, Tex., or Sgt. Hubert (Cowboy Slim) Simons of Rosenthaul, Tex., would drop a dozen or two HE Heavies through the roof, and the OP would report the Jerry running away and diving into dugouts.

That would make the Jerry sling a few back at us. We would receive a barrage of Screaming Mimis, or a tank would open up across the river and throw a few fast ones at one of our houses.

"I don't like this," Cpl. Harlan Copeland of Waco, Tex., a member of Cowboy Slim's mortar section, would protest. "Tear down one of the Tedeschi houses and he comes right back and wants to tear one of yours down! Somebody's gonna get hurt if this keeps up."

I REMEMBER, in particular, the excitement we had one afternoon.

I had just returned from our 1st Battalion area, up the river toward Cassino, and was standing in the road near our house, looking at a pile of mortar ammunition. The ammunition had come up during the night. Someone who didn't know what he was doing had piled it against a strawstack. A shell could set the strawstack on fire and blow up the whole dump.

I had turned away and taken a few steps when a heavy German shell—the "north of Rome" kind—crashed with a great shattering of earth and flame a few yards in front of me in the yard of the house where Cowboy Slim had his mortars. Instinctively I ducked and turned back toward the strawstack, but at that moment another shell struck it. I jumped up; there were some slit trenches in the field to the left, but just then a shell landed there, too.

"To hell with it!" I yelled, running as fast as I could. I headed for the house, about 70 yards

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away, where our company CP was located. As I crossed the road a shell crashed into the roof of a shed attached to Cowboy Slim's house. Something as big as a stove cap sailed by my head.

Inside the CP 1st Lt. Robert Hand, company executive officer from Seattle, Wash., stood with a wad of chicken feathers in his hand. Everyone laughed as I came dashing in.

"Barrington and I were preparing supper," said the lieutenant, holding up the chicken feathers, "when they caught us outside."

I looked back, and the strawstack was blazing like a bonfire at a college football rally.

It took a few minutes before the first shell in the mortar ammunition dump went off. Shells burst sporadically after that, sending blazing brands and sparks flying through the air. When the big explosion came about 30 minutes later, it flattened me against the wall.

I STOOD up, spitting dirt and dust. The others were looking at me anxiously out of blinking, dust-rimmed eyes. I went out in the yard and looked up at the roof of the house. Nothing but a railway gun dropping one in the upper story could have made such a noise. But the house seemed to be as sound as ever. A charred brand, still smoking, was driven into the wall. A shelter half a few feet away, covering a small pile of ammunition, was on fire.

One of the men ran up and yanked the shelter half off the ammunition. I looked toward the road where the blazing strawstack had been. In its place I saw a crater wide enough to hold a heavy truck. A shed that had stood near the stack was now only a pile of scattered stones.

Telephones began ringing, battalion from regiment, regiment from division. What had happened?

We made a check and reported back: 400 rounds of HE Heavies blown up and one man with a tooth knocked out.

Cpl. Copeland was the casualty. As he dove for safety through a hole in the side of the house, he made the mistake of turning to look back. The next man crashed through, struck Copeland in the mouth with his helmet, and out went the tooth.

An hour later an old grandmother, two other women, two little girls and two little boys came up the road to fill their bottles from the *vino* barrels. The grandmother, whom we called "Mama," saw the chicken feathers first thing and made a dive for the CP.

Italy

"Tedeschi!" I shouted. "Tedeschi—boom-boom!"

"Tedeschi, hell!" the old woman shouted back, shaking her head and waving her arms. Her meaning was unmistakable. "The damn Americanos! Americanos!" We rocked with laughter.

AND I shall always remember another house, the one we had high up on Mount Cairo with a deep, narrow canyon separating us from the Germans in their houses a few yards higher up the steep, terraced hillside.

This was a three-story house, constructed entirely from flinty mountain stone: the walls were nearly three feet thick, and the floors above were of heavy concrete, supported by iron beams. The forward company CP was located in a tight little room on the ground floor, with a fireplace and one high, narrow window.

It looked out over an abrupt cliff; the tiny blasted roofs of the village of Cairo lay far below, and beyond this, smoky from shells and the belching muzzles of many British and American heavy guns, was the picturelike valley of the Rapido. The yard was encircled by a thick stone wall, waist high. There was a well of clear, clean water at one corner of the house. There were many rooms inside, safe rooms, and at the edge of the yard was another strawstack where the men could get clean straw for their beds.

As he dove through a hole in the side of the house, he made the mistake of turning to look back.

I had found this place one morning after we had moved into the area in the night to relieve an American battalion that had been holding here for some time. Company K, with possibly 25 men in three houses across the canyon, was trying to hold terrain formerly defended by a complete battalion. The nine machine gunners of our 1st Platoon were with them. I entered the house with the idea of bringing up our 2d Platoon to help them out. And this was such a strong house, sitting so ideally on a protruding hump of rock 50 yards above the canyon, that I immediately fell in love with it.

Inside I found an old Italian lying in bed—a virtual bag of bones in a tangle of dirty, ragged quilts and blankets.

In a thin voice he wailed: "I dunno—I'm no good for anything. I'm a sick old man."

"You speak English?" I asked.

"I work in Jersey, New York—in New Haven many years," he said.

Later in the afternoon—assisted by Pfc. Henry Hohensee, a Ganado (Tex.) boy known as the Dutchman and as Eighth Corps, who has a Purple Heart and three Oak Leaf Clusters to his credit —I succeeded in opening up and wiring in the forward CP. Cpl. R. L. Scott of Blue Ridge, Tex., returned to bring up the 10 men who then composed our 2d Platoon.

That night the Dutchman built a roaring fire in the fireplace, and we hung a blanket over the window. The men gathered around and had a roaring bull session until midnight. Two men stood guard in the upper story; the machine guns were trained on the Jerry across the draw.

Early in the evening Cpl. Scott helped the Dutchman brew up a canteen cup of bouillon for the old man in the next room. "They say it's good, else they wouldn't put it in the K rations," said the Dutchman.

The following day was quiet. The Jerry threw rounds intermittently in the draw where the battalion before us had lost 60 men. But he would never get any of us that way—we had learned long ago to keep out of draws.

In the afternoon we heard that the battalion had been suddenly ordered to withdraw to the valley again. The order, as finally acted on by Company K, called for us to withdraw from the houses immediately after dark. We were to proceed by way of a donkey trail that intersected the Terelle road several hundred feet down the almost-vertical face of the mountain.

Company K began the withdrawal shortly after dark, but as the men filed up the draw toward our house, the Germans opened a phony attack against the French, on the ridge above Terelle, over against the right horizon.

The withdrawal was held up at our house; after we left there would be no one in this sector at all. But a phony attack is nothing but sound and fury, with little or no displacement of troops; as the Jerry on the hillside above remained inactive, Company K continued its withdrawal by way of the trail.

OUR 2d Platoon had been designated to withdraw with their weapons by way of the Terelle road. They had scarcely left the house to begin the climb up the terraced slope behind us when German shells began falling all over the place. We ducked inside as three crashed in the yard. Shell fragments leaping across the yawning canyon struck fire from the rocks like a whole battalion of attacking Jerries. The Dutchman and I were alone in the house. Our telephones had been ripped out, so we were isolated. Some 30 minutes later, when the Jerry artillery shifted toward the Terelle road, we ducked out the back door and scurried down the donkey trail to safety.

As we caught up with Company K, which was taking a break where the trail entered the main road, someone drove up in a jeep with an order for them to return to their positions at once.

"We'll blow for a moment," I said to the Dutchman as the company prepared to move out. I threw my roll down and sat on it. Since one cold wet night in November, I've carried a standard roll of six blankets inside two shelter halves. It's plenty heavy but it's always convenient once we reach a stopping place.

We reached the top of the hill ahead of Company K, only to find that the counterattack had played out. A few artillery shells were still falling on the hill, but we were going down again as scheduled.

"Eighth Corps," I said, "to hell with the road!" We were too tired to follow the road anyway. We just slid vertically down the mountain. We knew that the road, winding about in the perambulating style of all mountain roads, would pick us up again. A rain had started to fall, and we sat at the side of the road until the battalion went by, then slid down to the next turn.

At one of the turns we met Cpl. Scott, sloshing along with a wet roll slung over his shoulder. Just as we were doing, he was thinking of the wonderfully warm house we had just left, the roaring fire singing in the fireplace and the gallon can of coffee simmering on the coals. "Dutch," he said, "the old man will die. Nobody to take care of him."

Toward morning the Dutchman and I crawled into the one good room of a blasted house on the slope above the village of Cairo and went to sleep.

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BACK AT LADD FIELD AFTER 84 DAYS OF WANDERING OVER ALASKA SNOW, LT. CRANE TELLS HIS STORY BETWEEN GULPS OF GI FOOD. HIS FELLOW OFFICERS ARE GETTING A KICK OUT OF WATCHING HIM EAT.

Alone in the Alaska Wilderness

By Sgt. GEORG N. MEYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

LADD FIELD, ALASKA—Sometimes, in the middle of winter, you're afraid the sun won't rise at all. The morning the B-24 took off to test Arctic equipment was the shortest day of the year, Dec. 21, and dawn was just bleeding over the sharp snags of the Alaska Range, 100 miles to the south. It was 1000 hours. An hour later the big bomber, carrying a crew of three officers and two enlisted men, radioed its position. After that it was never heard from again.

All during Christmas Week and past the New Year, searching planes growled low over the frozen Upper Tanana River basin. In Alaska, if you live among flyers, you learn to keep on hoping. Pilots kept on searching and hoping through January. By the middle of February they were still searching, but the hoping was all worn out. Finally they even stopped searching.

Then, in the middle of March, Bob Rice, a Fairbanks (Alaska) bush pilot, landed at an old gold-mining camp called Woodchopper to pick up a woman who was going to have a baby. He also picked up Lt. Leon Crane, co-pilot of the B-24 that had been swallowed up in the white wilderness almost three months before.

The next day Lt. Crane was telling his CO how he had bailed out of the spinning bomber and watched it burst into flames, and how he had survived 84 days of wandering through some of this continent's most forbidding terrain, when the temperature hung for weeks at 40 below zero and he had only OD pants and a quilted jacket for protection.

"WE were flying at 20,000 feet in overcast and decided to move up to 25,000," Lt. Crane says. Seated beside him in the cockpit was the pilot, Lt. Harold Hoskins of Houlton, Maine. Also aboard on the test hop were Lt. James B. Sibert of Norfolk, Va.; M/Sgt. Richard L. Pompeo of Mount Holly Springs, Pa., and S/Sgt. Ralph Wenz of Pinedale, Wyo.

"While we were climbing," Lt. Crane says, "the flight instruments started acting funny and at the same time one of the outboard engines conked out. We started leaning into a spin. We managed to yank her out of the spin, but the controls were jammed. The ship stalled and in a few seconds we were in another spin. Again we pulled her out, but she nosed over into another stall and fell off spinning."

Desperate, Lt. Hoskins yelled for everyone to bail out. The crash alarm had already sounded and the bomb bays were open, but the centrifugal force of the spinning ship was so powerful that the men were almost physically helpless. Lt. Crane succeeded in breaking clear.

"Hoskins was still in the ship when I jumped," says Lt. Crane. "I thought I saw one of the others leave the plane about the same time I did. Then after my chute opened, I saw another one flare open above me. That was the only one I saw."

LT. CRANE had hit the silk at about 10,000 feet. Hanging in the bitter wind, he watched the bomber spiraling downward. At about 5,000 feet, flames spurted out from the wings. Then the B-24 crashed into the snow-covered earth. Lt. Crane hit ground near a frozen river about 10 miles away, on the opposite side of a steep ridge. He thought it best to follow the stream and try to get help. That decision probably saved his life.

"I laid out an SOS signal of spruce boughs in the snow, then started walking downstream," says Lt. Crane. "The snow was about knee deep, with an underfooting of glacier ice."

Night falls early on the shortest day of the year—at about 1530 hours. After dark Lt. Crane stopped in a clearing and kindled a fire to warm himself. Next morning he arranged another SOS sign and resigned himself to waiting for a plane to sight the emergency signal. For eight days he holed up at the clearing with no food. He kept his stomach full of freezing water from an overflow in the river ice. All he could do was watch the sky and keep gathering firewood. On the ninth day he decided to try to continue downstream. That day he found a small cabin with a cache of food.

Still Lt. Crane considered it wiser to continue. "So I crammed some raisins into my pockets and set off again. The raisins lasted about one day and one night. The stream didn't look like it was getting anywhere, so I turned back to the small cabin and the cache."

Here he stopped for three weeks. He figured there was enough food stored in the cache to keep him alive until the middle of April. He didn't try to keep a fire going all the time because it was too tough a job to get firewood without an ax. He tinkered with the idea of waiting at the cabin until the spring break-up but finally decided to strike out again downstream. He knew he was probably the only one who could lead rescuers to the wreckage of his ship. He fashioned a crude sled to haul grub and pushed off.

"I don't know how many days later it was," Lt. Crane says, "when I rounded a bend in the river and came upon some spruce branches sticking up at regular intervals in the snow. This looked to me like some kind of landing place for airplanes. Then I saw toboggan tracks."

He followed the tracks to the cabin of Albert Ames, an Alaska sourdough.

"Ames and his wife and three children took me in," the lieutenant says. "They gave me new mukluks (native fur-lined footgear) and my first taste of moose meat. Mrs. Ames even gave me a haircut. I stayed there two nights."

Then, with Ames leading the way, the two mushed on snowshoes behind a dog team to the camp at Woodchopper, 40 miles away. The next night Rice flew in to play ambulance for the expectant mother.

IMMEDIATELY after reporting to Col. Russell Keillor, Ladd Field CO, Lt. Crane was permitted to call long distance to Philadelphia and tell his parents he was safe. He had been given up for dead at home.

Despite his hardships, Lt. Crane still weighed his normal 170 pounds when he returned to Ladd Field. As soon as he was fed and rested, he guided a rescue plane to the wreckage of the bomber. Within a few days two bodies, one of them identified as that of Sgt. Wenz, were recovered.

The miraculous return of Lt. Crane left new hope for the safety of Sgt. Pompeo, whose chute the lieutenant saw opening. Twice before Pompeo had bested the wilderness when his planes came to grief. Both times he came out alive after hope was gone.

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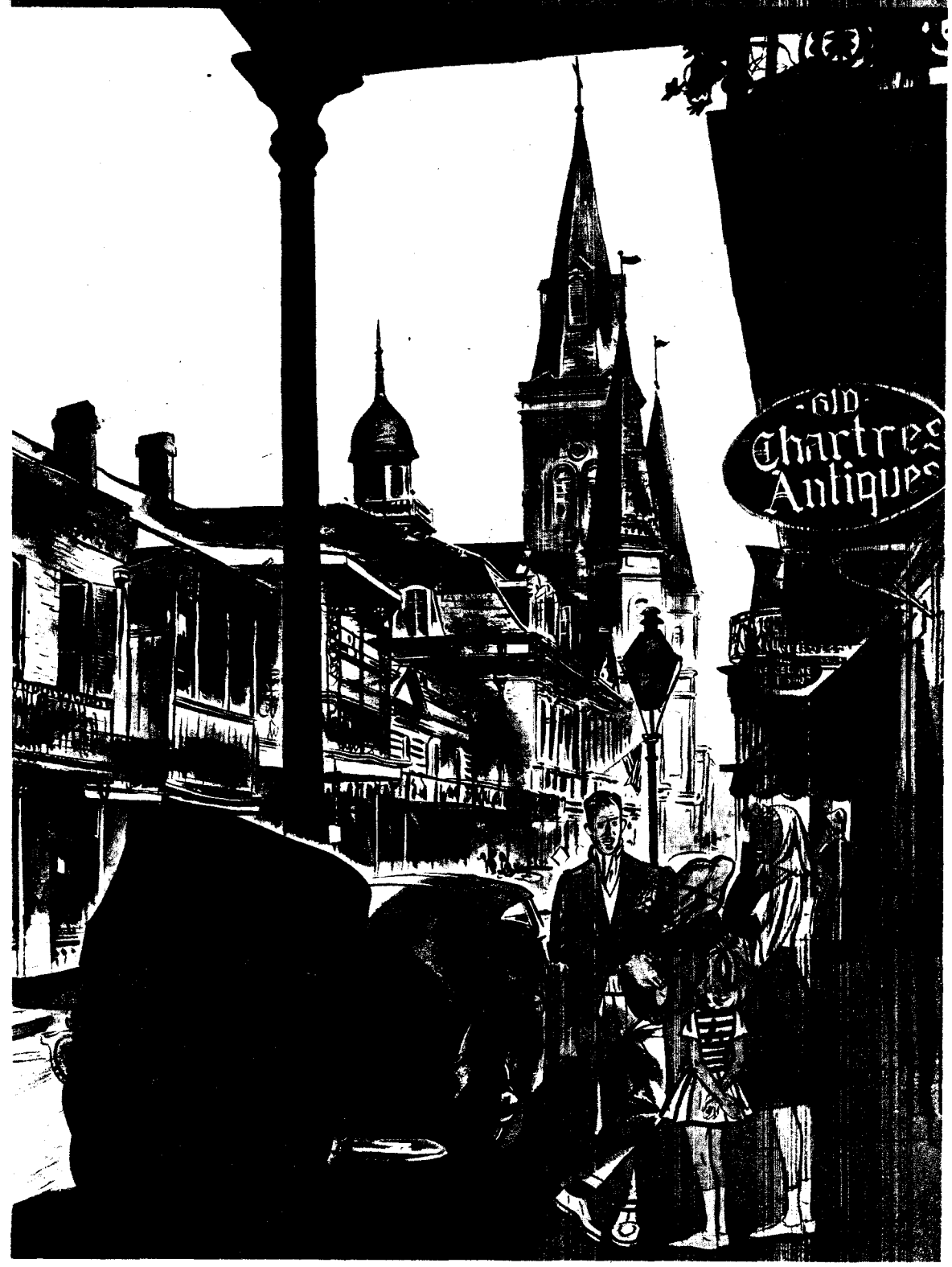
HOME TOWNS IN WARTIME

NEW ORLEANS, La.



By S Sgt. MEL SCHIFTER

NEW ORLEANS—Heading into town from the north across Lake Pontchartrain, or from the west over the gargantuan Mississippi bridge, you get the impression that the Crescent City has been changed by the war. Acetylene sparks cut through the night and ring the city with a peculiar war-born shipyard glow, while the Consolidated-Vultee and Higgins Michaud plane plants seem to creep all over the lake front and through the sludge of cypress swamp.

But a returning GI would still find the face of New Orleans familiar. Although war-housing projects have mushroomed up adjacent to the shipyards, mostly along the town's fringes, the Vieux Carre, Canal Street, the Garden district, Gentilly, the Irish Channel, Uptown and West End look just the same as always.

The influx of war workers and servicemen and their families has created a serious housing shortage. "Apartment Wanted" columns flood the *Times-Picayune* every morning. One Naval officer advertised recently: "WANTED — FOUR-ROOM FURNISHED APARTMENT. WILL QUIETLY DISPOSE OF TWO YOUNG CHILDREN IF UNDESIRABLE."

New Orleans trade coffers are being administered stimulating doses of Pan American *dinero* from Clipper service to Mexico and Central America, and plans are under way to make the city the focal point of a vast system of inter-America air networks. The current air enthusiasm has led a local radio station to follow its station breaks with the pronouncement: "New Orleans, Air Hub of the Americas."

The city abounds with Army and Navy establishments. The Lafayette Hotel on St. Charles Street, next to Eighth Naval District Headquarters, has been converted into a WAVES barracks. The Army Transportation Corps OCS is located at Camp Plauche, which also serves as a Transportation Corps Replacement Training Center. On the other side of town a gigantic port of embarkation lies on the Industrial Canal. Coast Guardsmen get their first taste of Higgins PT boats and landing craft on Lake Pontchartrain, which incidentally also bases a Naval air station, Army air base and Municipal Airport. GIs have moved into Tulane University's Medical School, with cadet classes quartered in nearby Newcomb College dormitories. A Merchant Marine school occupies a section of the Lower Pontalba on Jackson Square. Across the river in Algiers the Navy has a huge station. Side by side on Canal Boulevard are La Garde General Hospital and a new Navy hospital.

And around pay day, the streets fill up, too, with servicemen from surrounding posts like Camps Shelby, Polk, Claiborne, Beauregard and Van Dorn, and Keesler and Gulfport Fields.

TRADITIONALLY a fun and food mecca, New Orleans has taken in its stride the war influx. The Fair Grounds race track enjoyed its most successful season this past winter. Upping purses to a $1,000 minimum, with a few $15,000 and $25,000 handicaps tossed in for good measure, the Fair Grounds Breeders Association was able to bring first-rate stables to New Orleans. Oilman William Helis brought the city into the racing limelight with his purchase of some of the best youngsters available. Helis paid $66,000 on the line for Pericles, a colt that has not yet run a race.

New Orleans night clubs and bistros are riding the crest of the biggest spending wave ever to inundate the town. Night club-littered Bourbon Street becomes almost impassable soon after sundown, with overflow crowds spilling over into a number of newly opened bars along Burgundy and Dauphine Streets. Rumor has it that the great Negro pianist, Fats Pichon, turned down eye-opening offers to go to New York and instead has decided to keep 'em comin' to the old Absinthe House. Mercedes and Sue are still packing them in at Pat O'Brien's (removed to a newer, larger, prettier spot) on St. Peter Street, while even the atmosphere-laden Cafe Lafitte has blossomed out with a new winding bar. The town was shocked last August at the accidental death of Albert Martin, host and purveyor of the famous Rum Ramsey at his bar on Magazine Street. Hotel bars and supper clubs are also on the merry-go-round.

Rationing has hit the restaurants to the extent that all are closed at least one day each week, and many find it impossible to live up to their wonderful reputations of the past. The SRO sign goes up each night at Galatoire's, Antoine's, Arnaud's, La Lousiane and the Court of the Two Sisters, with prospective customers crowding the sidewalks while waiting for reservations inside. Meats are seldom obtainable in the better restaurants because of their competition in ration points against butter, the sauce chef's mainstay.

New Orleans' renowned Mardi Gras has been suspended for the duration, though the cloistered atmosphere of the venerable Boston Club mirrored the half-hearted attempt to commemorate the occasion this year. The war has thinned down the Sunday society sections, and garden and party rotogravure pictures now share space with shots of Red Cross activities and of Aircraft Warning Corps volunteers manning the operational boards of the Third Fighter Command's New Orleans information center.

NEW ORLEANS INCIDENTALS: Local labor-management relations have been consistently harmonious, with work stoppages few and far between. Tulane and Notre Dame have signed a football contract and will meet for the first time this coming fall. The only new thing on downtown Canal Street is the Camel sign with a soldier blowing "live" smoke rings across the street toward Maison Blanche's giant Statue of Liberty bond-booster. Automobile tours of the city are out until the war's end; in their stead there has been introduced a fleet of horse-and-buggy carriages, hansoms and gaudy hay-strewn wagons. The town's outspoken and effective drive against venereal disease recently brought forth a commendatory article from *Collier's*, with the suggestion that other American cities look to New Orleans and her treatment of the VD menace. Mel Ott, New York Giants' manager, was placed in 1-A, and his house on St. Charles Avenue burned down—both on the same day.

Looking to the future, the consensus is that New Orleans is headed for great days. The closer knitting of our Central and South American economic and cultural ties brings the city more and more to the fore. Out-of-towners are a healthy influence to the city now and will be remembered after the war for instilling in the natives a new interest in their own home town.

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SOLDIERS GO FORWARD 15 YARDS IN MATTED UNDERBRUSH, CROUCH AND GET READY TO MOVE AGAIN.

SUPPORTING AN ATTACK, MORTAR CREW FIRES AC

"HELL, IS ANY PLACE SAFE AROUND HERE?" EXCLAIMED PVT. NEVIN EVANS, ASKED IF HE DUG IN A SAFE SPOT.

ON THE LINE OF MARCH A DEAD JAP LIES STRET

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Another Step

The American clean-up in the Admiralty Islands, photographed by YANK's Cpl. Bill Alcine.

ARTILLERY OBSERVERS FRAME A YANK DIGGING AN EMPLACEMENT.

P OF WATER

HIS HEAD SUNK IN A WATER-FILLED SHELL HOLE

"WATER BUFFALO" AFTER IT WAS LAUNCHED FROM AN LST, LOADED WITH

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Saluting German Prisoners

Dear YANK:

According to a March issue of YANK we are now supposed to salute German officers! [YANK quoted the Provost Marshal General's Office as saying GIs had to salute Nazi officer prisoners of war.—Ed.] I've seen a lot of things happen in this Army in the past 3½ years, but do you think for one damned minute that I will ever salute a German in a Nazi uniform while the United States is at war with Germany? It may be a regulation where some people come from, but I still have some sense of pride left for the flag under which I fought those sons-of-bitches, and I don't put any Nazi on an equal basis with the flag of the United States.

According to old Army traditions, when you salute an officer you are not saluting the man, but the rank and the uniform. The uniform of a Nazi is supposed to stand for just the reverse of what our uniform and Old Glory stand for, and if I'm to have as much respect for the Nazi, or the Jap principles, as I have for the principles of freedom, *then why the hell do I fight?*

It is true that I could probably be tried by court martial for refusing to salute a German officer. I am not surprised that the Army is coming around to such as that, but you can bet your bottom dollar that I'll see myself in hell before I ever give such a salute, so long as we are at war with that country. . . .

Winter Gen. Hosp., Topeka, Kans. —Sgt. WILLIAM F. WENZEL

Dear YANK:

. . . It is said that we salute the uniform, which stands for the government, not the man himself. Will you please tell me why an American serviceman should salute the German Government?

Camp Robinson, Ark. —Pvt. WALLIS R. SPRAGUE

Dear YANK:

. . . If this lost my rank or any other privilege, I and thousands upon thousands of soldiers in the United States Army would refuse to salute any enemy. No man on earth could say we, as freemen, shall salute an enemy, or force us in doing so. I wish some provisions would be made in regard to this disgraceful matter.

Camp McCain, Miss. —S/Sgt. STANLEY SZWED

Dear YANK:

. . . This isn't a war where the white flag means surrender; in this war it means that some crafty rat is waiting to knife a soldier in the back, or else it's a booby trap. Are soldiers, then, to salute (as a form of respect which we tender our own officers) the same officers who encourage their men to deeds of violence as well as bravery, to cruel viciousness as well as acts of courage? Are we to recognize these officers as gentlemen, disregarding the hatred and contempt that they have for us and the rest of the world? . . . Shall we salute pilots who have machine-gunned lifeboats? It's all guesswork on our part concerning these officers. They may have helped devise the time bombs which destroyed the Naples Post Office needlessly; certainly they are now helping to devise some plan whereby the foolish sentimental Americans can be made to taste defeat in the future. And what, we want to know, are we to do about Japanese officers? Is there someone who is going to insist that we salute them, too!

We're doing our duty up here for all it's worth, because we believe that the little we do is helping to destroy a bogey of cruelty and mass hatred which would like to see the world destroyed and itself master of the remains. We think that some of the articles [*Geneva Convention Rules of War.*—Ed.] could stand changing, or be disregarded, as certainly the Germans must be disregarding them. . . .

Alaska —T/Sgt. ALVIN T. WEINBERG*

*Signed also by Sgt. A. V. Ryan; Cpls. John W. Gary Jr., Cunio O. Mastori, Sam Spragis and Nick Graur; Pfc. Robert D. West, and Pvts. Richard W. Cheathem and George Maxham.

Dear YANK:

. . . That was too much! Isn't it high time some of our prisoner-of-war Emily Post mannerisms are changed? Can't you just see the Nazis saluting our officers in their concentration camps? They are singing and goose-stepping around their enclosure here, too, but God knows what they are chirping about! Is there anything being done about it? If not, why not?

Fort Lewis, Wash. —Sgt. VERNE A. NELSON

Dear YANK:

. . . On page 11 of the *Soldiers' Handbook* (Section II, Paragraph 31, Subparagraph b) you will find that the only officers we are to salute are officers of Allied countries only.

Brazil —S/Sgt. SIMON BOUNAN

■ "It is also customary to salute officers of friendly foreign countries," is the way it reads.

Dear YANK:

. . . It is a damned shame that we should salute those —— Nazis. It makes our blood boil to think that we have to salute our own prisoners! Just imagine. We capture them, and then we salute them! What a joke! . . . —Private, Corps of Military Police

PW Camp, Camp Phillips, Kans.

Ann Savage's Stockings

Dear YANK:

That pin-up of Ann Savage in a recent issue of YANK is a Lulu, but I wish to bring a slight discrepancy to your attention. If you'll look closely at the net stockings that adorn those wonderful gams you'll discover that they aren't mates.

Britain —DUKE

Dear YANK:

Though not a hose enthusiast, even I can see that Ann Savage's stockings do not match—or am I poor at perspective and shapely legs? Any man will agree that the above is secondary; I like those legs with or without stockings, matched or unmatched, cotton or nylon, painted or unpainted, tanned or lily white, etc.

Stout Field, Ind. —T/Sgt. WALTER J. HELBLING

■ You're both right. YANK showed Sgt. Helbling's letter to Ann Savage and she replied: "Mairzy dotes and dozy dotes; you can't buy onions, no one can figure his income tax, all the clocks run an hour fast (if you can get a clock), Sinatra plugs for vitamins but needs 'em worse than his listeners do, ma- can marry ma- and now Sgt. wants to my stock- t match. geant, I'm even *have*

MAIL CALL

Perpetual Pfcs.

Dear YANK:

This boy Pfc. M. A. Sanders (who claimed he had been a pfc. longer than any other GI) is just a newcomer. I am the oldest pfc. in the battery and there are four or five older than he is. I am not sure of the correct date I made pfc.; it was in late '39 or early '40. . . . I now have 31 months' overseas duty on top of that. . . .

The Aleutians —Pfc. H. W. HOSKINS

Dear YANK:

A pfc. for two years and two months, Sanders? The ink isn't even dry on your service record since they made the change. From 1926 to 1935 I was just a plain private. From 1935 to 1943 I was pfc. Eight years. Was just recently made a T-5, through no fault of my own. Can you or anyone else top this?

Presidio, San Francisco, Calif. —T-5 FARIS S. KING

Letter

Dear YANK:

Here is a copy of a letter I received from my brother.

Dear Bill—From my last letter to you, you can see why we went on the first invasion of Jap territory. . . . I went to the islands in the South Pacific when I left the States. The whole bunch thought we were getting something the other guy wasn't, and that was true. All the way over we talked about what we were going to do, never giving a thought to what the Japs were going to do. But we soon found that this is a game for keeps. You may get the first chance, and you may not. If you do, make sure that the shots are in; if you miss, it's his chance and nine times out of 10 he will not miss. I found that out from being there.

The Jap material is as good as ours, but the only thing is we have more of it than they. I saw the stuff they have; it looks like junk, but we left some of our boys back on the islands. It's true, not as many as the Japs did, but we did leave some. You can tell all the boys with you that when they get going don't wait till you see their tonsils. It's too late then, because he already has seen yours. Just give it to him in the guts and let him lay. . . . If you wait too long the little rat will let you have a volley of shots or a hand bomb. Either is not so good. Don't be too fast and don't be too slow. Don't fight the battle all alone. The other fellows are in it, too. But don't let the other guy do it all, either. In this mess we have to fight and work as a unit and not as a single person. We never think like that till we are over in the battle and find out your worst buddy will help you and you will help him. It's just the nature of us. Tojo did us a favor; he gave us back our unity. I didn't like the way he did it, but neither did anyone else. . . . Take care of yourself, until we meet again at Mom's. Chuck.

I think it has a thought behind it.

Foster Field, Tex. —Cpl. WILLIAM SCHWARTZ

Mechanics in Sardinia

Dear YANK:

In a March issue of YANK there was an article written by Sgt. Burtt Evans with the heading "Air Force Mechanics." I want to take exception to one statement and to correct the impression in a couple of others. The statement that we straightened a propeller with a two-by-four and a jeep is a hell of a statement to be made for mechanics to read. Sgt. Evans may have been misinformed, or he may have got his squadrons mixed, but this organization has *never* straightened a propeller in the method described in his account of our activities.

In February 1943 we did make the parachute table he described, but the legs were not fence posts but were made out of angle iron purchased from the French Army that was garrisoned at Taza, French Morocco, at that time. The complete table frame was made of this angle iron and, while we did have to use fence wire in place of a welding rod, we did not use any French generators to do our welding but used American welding gas and breathing oxygen, with American gauges, tips, hoses, etc. On the statement of packing chutes at the rate of 8 to 10 a day I want to say that in one month we inspected, repaired and packed 525 parachutes, sometimes at the rate of 40 a day. . . . Having got my growl off my chest I will close with the best of wishes for YANK.

Sardinia —M/Sgt. PAUL E. DILTS

Gen. Tito

Dear YANK:

Your article on Tito's army was further evidence that you offer a lot more to your GI fandom than just gags and bare lasses. If you don't think your readers want more such enlightenment on worldly doings, just look at your *Mail Call*, which is becoming your most popular page in this neck of the woods.

There were a couple of interesting notes which your "Tito" author left hanging in his typewriter. He made no reference to the much-ballyhooed [Gen. *Draja*] *Mikhailovitch [war minister of the Yugoslav* Government in Exile] or to the exiled Yugoslav Government, which took a powder while the people under Tito were taking arms. The fact appears to be that the newly formed united-front government was established to replace the bankrupt exiled royalty, and the "Mythical Mikhailovitch," who is King Peter's pet, openly fought on the side of the German and Italian fascists against Tito's forces. Prime Minister Churchill, in a rencent address, spoke in glowing praise of Tito and made known his knowledge of the Chetniks' [Mikhailovitch's troops'] double dealing, but still reserved a soothing word or two for the Boy King, who appears to be up the creek without a paddle. It is beyond this GI why we pamper such fishy characters instead of giving the new Yugoslav Government the full recognition it has earned with blood and so justly deserves.

Camp Polk, La. —Sgt. PETE McGOVERN

Lou Diamond Again

Dear YANK:

I've just read an article [in a November issue of YANK] about a Marine master sergeant, Lou Diamond, who is supposed to be 200 years old. . . . A few of my buddies and myself do not believe this Lou Diamond to be anywhere near 200 years old. . . . Another point that seems odd is this: Why, after 168 years of active duty, is this man only a sergeant? A man of such service surely must be worth a commission? . . . Our reasons for doubting this article is a Marine regulation requiring retirement at 62. . . .

Guadalcanal —Pvt. WILLIAM C. HARRIS*

*Also signed by Pfc. M. Lupin and Pvt. Art Hawkins.

Message Center

K. IRVIN KAPLAN, once in Theta Chapter, Sigma Alpha Rho Fraternity, Philadelphia, Pa.: write Pvt. S. J. Orlove, Btry. B, 31st CA, Fort Taylor, Key West, Fla. . . . Pvt. JOHN KILLORAN, Sig. Corps: write Cpl. Gerald Donovan, 22d AW Comm. Sq., RAAF, Rome, N. Y. . . . Cpl. RAYMOND KONOPKA, in the SWPA: write Pfc. Stephen Konopka, Btry. D, 2d CA, Fort Monroe, Va. . . . LOUIS KUNINACH, last heard from in Colon, C. Z.: write John Mroz BKR3c, Hq. Co., AB, 136 Batt., Quoddy Village, Eastport, Maine. . . . Wac MARY KURKL: write Cpl. Bette Bartlett, WAC Det., AAF, Gunter Field, Ala.

M. Cpl. BILL MCNEAL, at Camp Callan, Calif., June, '41: write Cpl. John Reginald Matthews, Det. M, 323d Sq., MAAF, Muroc, Calif. . . . Maj. JOHN MCSWEENEY of Wooster, Ohio, now overseas: write Sgt. Dean Lucas, Co. L, 801st STR, Camp Murphy, Fla. . . . Pvt. CHARLES MACFAIN of North Carolina: write Cpl. Matthew F. McDonnell, 323d Ftr. Sq., AAB, Richmond, Va. . . . Pvt. WOODROW MACPHERSON of Jersey City, N. J., at Camp Wheeler, Ga., '42: write Cpl. Leonard Kaplonski, Serv. Co., 254th Inf., Camp Van Dorn, Miss. . . . Sgt. NELSON MALONE, once at Fort Belvoir, Va., & Camp Claiborne, La.: write Pfc. William O. Craig, Hq. Co., OCR, Fort Belvoir, Va. . . . WARREN (PEPPER) MARTIN Slc, Australia: write Paul Young RM3c, Lion 4, Div. X, USNABD, San Bruno, Calif. . . . Lt. CHARLES A. MELTON, last in 458th Bomb. Gp.: write S/Sgt. Louis R. Price, 1518 North 10th, Boise, Idaho. . . . Lt. J. D. METTAS, once at the Air Base, Portland, Oreg.: write Pfc. H. Warren Willhoite, Avn. Trainee Det., Sq. A, BAAF, Bainbridge, Ga. . . . ROGER CHARBOR MNEAU, once at Tech. Sch. of Commerce, Montreal, Canada: write Sgt. Philip J. Schacca, Co. D, 424 Inf., Fort Jackson, S. C. . . . Sgt. LUCIEN MORNEAU, once in 4th Bn., MRTC, Camp Pickett, Va.: write Pvt. E. A. Shlivek, DMD, Sta. Hosp., Fort Benning, Ga. . . . Pvt. RALPH MUETSCHLER, once in Texas: write Cpl. Gerald Edgar, Hq. Btry., 547th AAA Bn., Sta. 1, Muroc, Calif. . . . Cpl. MIKE MURRAY, USMC, of Gary, Ind., & San Diego, Calif.: write Sgt. George Murray, Hq. Btry., HDLA, Fort MacArthur, Calif.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE

A mimeographed list of shoulder-patch collectors' names will be sent on request. Write to *Shoulder Patch Exchange*, c/o YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y.

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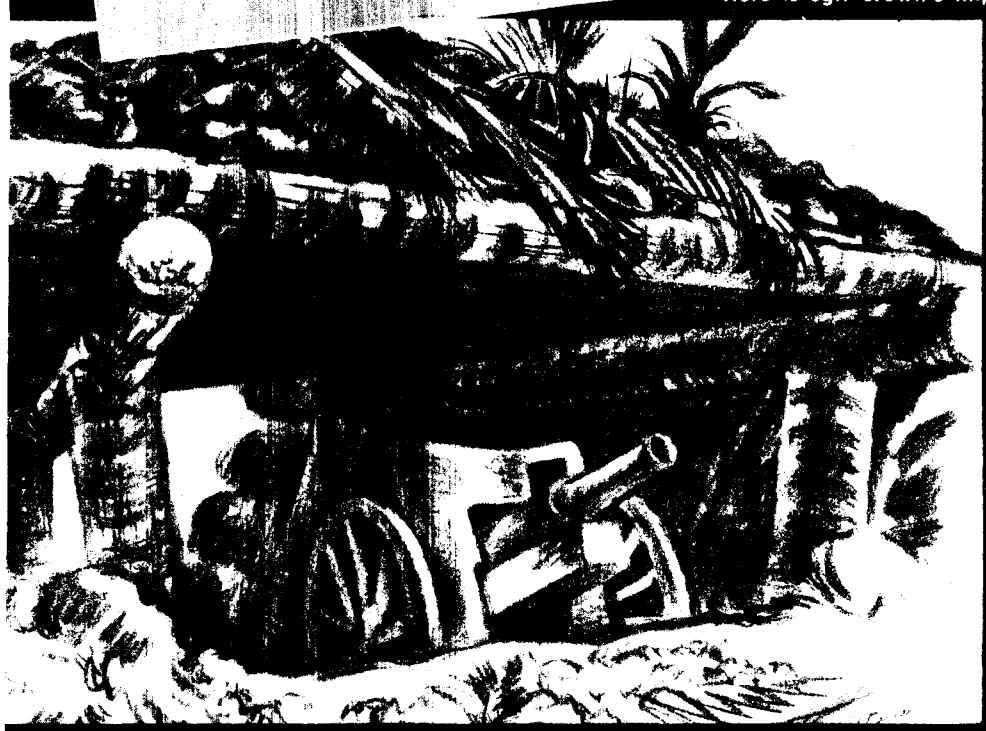
New Georgia Sketches

S/Sgt. Keith Crown of Gary, Ind., made these sketches in New Georgia where his Infantry outfit fought in the Munda airfield battle. Now a noncom in regimental intelligence, Sgt. Crown was an instructor of fine arts at Luther College, Iowa, as a civilian.

Observation tower at Kokengolo Hill on edge of Munda's airstrip.

Billy, one of the native guides.

Here is Sgt. Crown's impression of a GI fishing from a beached Higgins boat with a canopy on its top.



Note how the Japs protected this 75-mm fieldpiece from our bombing attacks.

The Japs used this 77-mm antiaircraft gun as a Field Artillery weapon in Munda.

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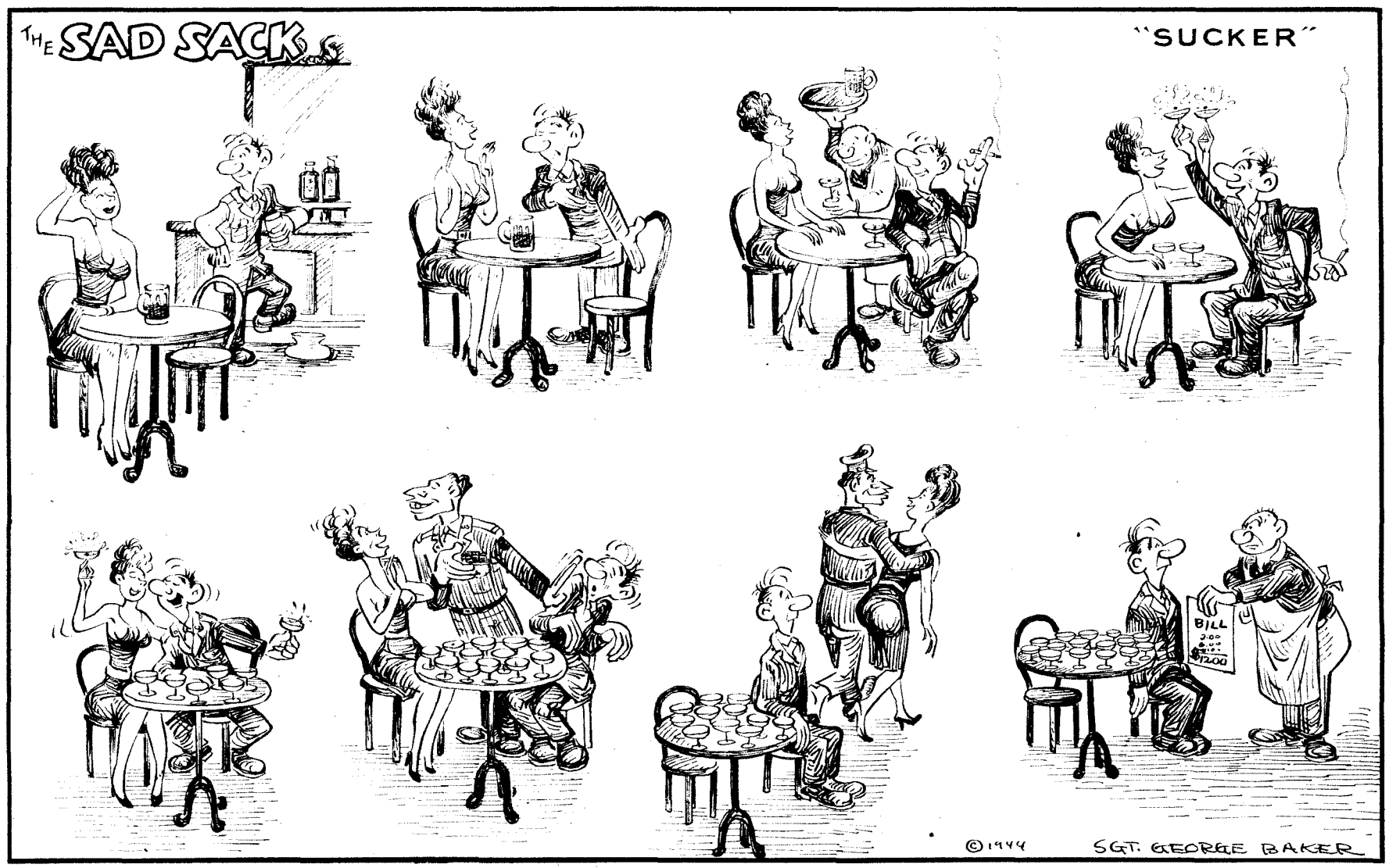


Navy Numerals

Dear YANK:

A lot of Navy men I see have little numerals, like "1" and "2," pinned on their campaign ribbons. I think they signify the number of engagements the wearer has participated in, but my buddies aren't so sure I know what I'm talking about. Am I right?

Hawaii —JOE CURTIS S1c

■ You're wrong. Those numerals refer to the kinds of service the wearer has performed. The Navy has four kinds of service: escort, submarine, amphibian and patrol. If a sailor served on an escorting destroyer during a specific campaign and his destroyer was also engaged in amphibian landings, the numeral "2" on his ribbon would show that he had performed two kinds of service. Incidentally, you won't be seeing them any more; the Navy has decided to eliminate their use.

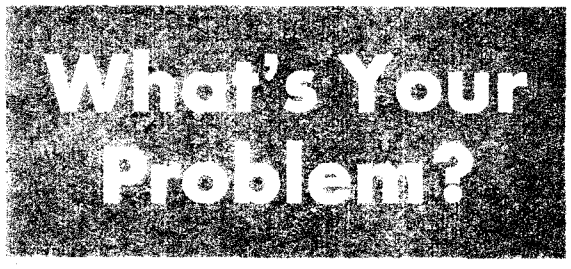
Medical Operations

Dear YANK:

Just before I got into the Army I thought I needed an operation, but my doctor told me not to have one because it would have aftereffects worse than the ailment itself. Now the Army tells me I must have the operation, and when I protested, the Army doctor said I could be court-martialed for refusing. I don't think I should have any operation I don't need, and I want to know whether it is true that I can be court-martialed if I refuse?

Hawaii —Pfc. FRANK G. PENDALL

■ Yes. *AR 600-10 (2-e-9)* states that refusal to submit to a dental or medical operation in time of war may result in court martial. If you really doubt the necessity of an operation, the matter will be referred to a three-man medical board, which decides whether the operation is necessary in order for you "to perform properly" your military duties. If they say operation, operation it is; and if you still say no, you may be tried by court martial.



Return to Overseas

Dear YANK:

I am 38 years old. They told me, when I was over in North Africa last summer, that I could get out of the Army if I applied for discharge before Aug. 1. I fulfilled all the requirements and eventually found myself hanging on the rail of a transport sailing for home. Well, YANK, when I saw Liberty's statue in New York Harbor—and I know this sounds corny—I got to regretting I was gonna be a civilian. And that's what I told my new CO: I told him I wanted to withdraw my application for discharge. He blew up like an ammunition dump. When the smoke cleared, I found out that he had orders fixed up for me to be shipped right back to the North African Theater—to my old command! At this very moment I'm looking at the transport that is probably going to take me back across the Atlantic. But what I'd like to know is, can this CO *legally* do this to me?

Port of Embarkation —S/Sgt. JOE MORTON

■ He sure can. Ours is the sad duty to refer you to Sec. IV, *WD Cir. No. 10, 6 Jan. 1944.* Subparagraph 2 says that any man 38 years old serving overseas who has asked for a withdrawal of his approved application for discharge after he has already been returned to the States will be packed off *in the first shipment heading back to his old command.* One of the reasons for this circular, the Army says, is that some GIs were using the over-38 discharge rule, not as a way to get out of the Army, but simply as a pretext to get back to the States.

Insurance Premiums Waived

Dear YANK:

An article on waiver of premiums on National Life Insurance appearing in YANK was brought to our attention by the patients we serve in filling out these waivers. This article states that a patient who has been hospitalized for a period of six months not only is entitled to a waiver of premiums, but also a refund of his money for the six months, provided, of course, that he has kept up his payments during that period. This statement contradicts the ones made in the *Insurance Form 398* on Page 7, Paragraph 10. Your article has put us under pressure and we would like to have you inform us whether a new ruling has come into effect since the printing of *Form 398*. We feel that this article may lead to confusion in other hospitals as well as our own. —Lt. E. J. BRYANT, MAC

Lovell Gen. Hosp., Fort Devens, Mass. Insurance Officer

■ YANK was right. The paragraph to which you refer has since been amended by Section 5 of *Public Law No. 667.* According to that change, it is no longer necessary for a GI to keep up payments during the six months' continuous period of his total disability, so long as the policy was in force at the time total disability began. If a soldier has actually paid premums after his total disability began such premiums will be refunded, provided a claim is properly filed.

GI "Minors"

Dear YANK:

I enlisted in the Army while I was under age; I lied to the recruiting officer and served two years before I was discovered. The Army gave me an honorable discharge, however. Since then I have been drafted and am now nearing the end of my first "drafted" year. This, added to my earlier service, gives me three full years in the Army, but I have been told that I cannot wear a hash mark for that three-year hitch because I enlisted under false colors. I don't think that's fair. After all, I've done nothing I should be ashamed of.

Iran —Pfc. JAMES N. HELLER

■ According to regulations, service stripes can be worn by those "who have served honorably," whether continuously or not, and the fact that you were discharged because you were under age does not bar you from wearing a service stripe. Your discharge is an honorable one, and that's what counts. Refer doubters to *AR 615-360 (39)* and *AR 600-40 (46-e)*.

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What's the Deal on the New Soldier-Vote Law?

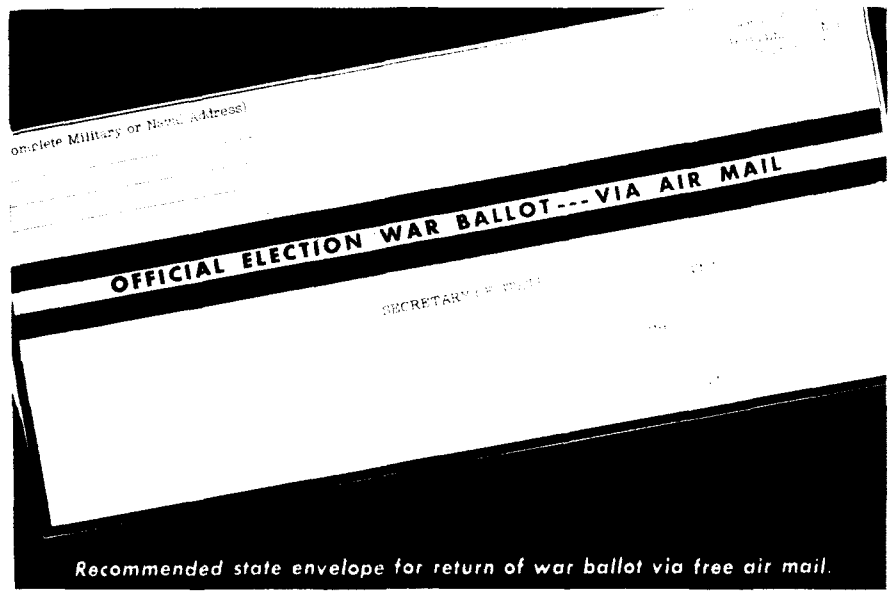
A LOT of GIs are probably wondering exactly what is the deal on soldier voting in this Presidential-election year of 1944, now that Congress, after months of debate, has passed a bill on that complex and controversial problem.

The new act of Congress on soldier voting, which officially became *Public Law 277* at 0001 on the morning of Apr. 1, is really not much different in principle from the previous law. It still leaves most of the voting procedure in the hands of the individual states rather than the Federal Government. It does provide for a Federal "official war ballot" covering the national election in November for the offices of President, Vice President, U. S. Senators and Representatives, but a soldier will not be permitted to use that kind of ballot unless his own state approves the use of it and allows it to be counted. We will not be able to tell you whether or not your particular state allows the use of the Federal ballot or how it will be distributed until July 15. On that day the state governors will inform the U. S. War Ballot Commission officially whether their state laws authorize the Federal ballot and will certify the provisions of their state absentee-voting laws.

If your state does recognize the Federal ballot, you will be allowed to use it only under two conditions:

1. If you are either within or outside the U. S. and if you come from a state which has no state absentee-voting provisions but which permits the use of the Federal ballot.

2. If you are outside the U. S., if your state permits the use of the Federal ballot and if you take an oath testifying that you applied for a state absentee ballot before Sept. 1 and did not receive it before Oct. 1.



Recommended state envelope for return of war ballot via free air mail.

Nothing in the act restricts the right of a soldier to vote under his state absentee-voting laws, and that goes for primary and special elections as well as the big one in November. The act tries to make it easier for GIs to vote with state absentee ballots by recommending to the states the substitution of WD post cards for complicated special application forms, the limiting of weight and bulk of ballots, and fast delivery to make ballots available to soldiers 45 days before the elections.

The new law covers all members of the armed forces, but it leaves the eligibility of some members of the Merchant Marine and of certain "attached civilians," such as members of the Red Cross and the USO, to the individual states to determine.

Even members of the armed forces must be careful, however, to observe all the particular requirements of their individual states. Some states, for instance, may require absentee voters to go through special registration or to pay poll taxes before they are allowed to mark a ballot. *Public Law 277* allows a waiver of registration and poll taxes only when the Federal ballot is used. If there are any doubts in your mind about whether or not you are eligible to vote under your state absentee-voting laws, write a letter now to the secretary of state in your state capital and ask him about it.

After you find out whether you are eligible, you can get a state absentee ballot by the same method as usual—WD post cards. The new law provides for a new kind of post card which goes into more detail than the old card *(WD AGO 560)*. It provides spaces for your date of birth, home address and length of residence there, voting district, choice of party ballot for primary elections and spaces to print your name and serial number and write your signature. However, there are still lots of the old cards around, so you may be using them, too. If you do use an old card, remember to write your party on it if you want a state primary ballot and remember to put your name and serial number on it in addition to writing your signature.

The old card also called for the signature of a commissioned officer. But the new law authorizes not only officers but also warrant officers, noncoms above the rank of corporal and Navy petty officers to administer and witness oaths on post-card applications for ballots.

From then on, the procedure of getting an absentee ballot and voting depends on the laws of your state. Some states will send out ballots as soon as they receive the post card. Others will send you an application when they receive the post card, and you must fill out and return this application before receiving a ballot. The War Department will deliver post cards before Aug. 15 to overseas soldiers who want to vote in the November elections and before Sept. 15 to soldiers in the U. S., unless military conditions do not allow the delivery.

YANK will do its best to keep you posted from time to time on the various state laws—when they require you to mail the post card and when they require you to mail the applications or the ballots. The new act of Congress, in order to get the ballots back to the state before the election deadline, provides for them to travel from overseas by free air mail. Other points of the new law:

It holds commanding officers responsible for publicizing WD circulars on voting and making WD post cards available.

It prohibits officers or noncoms from forcing any soldier to vote if he doesn't want to vote and from forcing him to vote for any particular candidate.

It approves, however, free discussion among soldiers of political issues and candidates and prohibits Army censors from cutting political literature or arguments from letters addressed to soldiers provided that those letters contain no information that might be useful to the enemy. But it does not allow one-sided political propaganda to be given to soldiers through Government or Army publications, radio broadcasts and movies. In other words, it stops YANK from taking an editorial stand in favor of any particular Presidential candidate. Which is all right with YANK because it never wanted to back any particular candidate anyway.

That doesn't mean that YANK and other Government news organs cannot print political campaign speeches if they are newsworthy. It does mean that they must treat campaign news and speeches in a nonpartisan, objective manner that gives the reader both sides of the question.

REPEALING the Ramsay Act, which governed soldier voting in the last two years, the new law does away with "official war ballots" in state primary elections. Previous issues of YANK have published information on regulations of state primary voting under the Ramsay Act, stating that soldiers from Illinois, Pennsylvania, Florida, Maryland and New Jersey could vote in primaries with those old "official war ballots." Local election officials will decide whether or not "official war ballots" cast by Illinois GIs in the Apr. 11 primary are valid. In Pennsylvania, Florida, Maryland and New Jersey "official war ballots" already executed will be regarded as regular state absentee ballots, and soldiers from those states who have already applied for "official war ballots" won't have to get state absentee ballots. But in the future, soldiers from those four states should request state absentee ballots either in accordance with state law or by sending WD post cards to their secretaries of state.

YANK will report on the ways and means of getting the Federal ballot, provided by the new law, when that information becomes available in July. In the meantime, if there is anything else you want to know about the new soldier voting regulations, look up *WD Circular 128, 3 April 1944.*

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•

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camp news

Brazilian Air Mechs

Sheppard Field, Tex.—Two members of the Brazilian Air Forces, Ivan Miranda de Souza and Joao Maria Monteiro, are studying airplane mechanics here. They came to the United States with other BAF soldiers for AM and electrical courses.

Souza, 20, is a native of Rio de Janeiro, and Monteiro, 23, comes from northern Brazil. Both were civilian mechanics with airlines there before entering military service. On completion of AM studies here, they will go on to the North American Aircraft Corp. plant at Inglewood, Calif., for a factory course on B-25s. Both men expect to become instructors on returning to Brazil.

Dig Down, Brother

Camp Carson, Colo.—Every time his outfit moved during eight months of maneuvers Pfc. Noble of the finance office, 104th Inf. Div., used to police the area, so he automatically gave his Pullman berth the once-over before leaving the troop train on which the 104th arrived here recently.

Noble's first find was a couple of letters addressed to a member of the WAVES. Next he found a copy of her orders. Noble dug deeper and came up with a garter snap, then going still deeper he located a brassiere and—an MP's billy.

AAA School Man Cited

Camp Davis, N. C.—Sgt. Raymond W. Blattenberger of Btry. A, AAA School, was awarded the Legion of Merit recently for his work as technical adviser in planning and putting into operation improved methods of graphic reproduction work.

Sgt. Blattenberger was formerly production manager in the offset department of a large Eastern printing concern.

The Fuscos—Joseph R. (left), the son, and Joseph, the father—cooperate in dealing with the spuds.

Father and Son Together in Same Outfit

Fort Jackson, S. C.—When Joseph Fusco, 36, of St. Louis, Mo., got his greetings last fall, he sat down and wrote a letter to the President. Being drafted was okay, he wrote, but he wanted to serve with his son, Pvt. Joseph R. Fusco, 18, who was a machine gunner with the 912th FA Bn. of the 87th Inf. Div.

Fusco, now a cook with the same outfit with his son, says: "It made me a little ashamed of myself when the War Department went out of its way to grant my request."

The two Fuscos admit they are good company for each other; they agree on what to do and where to go without argument. "We keep each other out of trouble," the elder Fusco says.

All is not entirely serene, however, since a younger member of the family, Anthony, 17, is threatening to join the Marines. His father and brother are working on him to get in the Artillery. "It's the shame of the family," Pop Fusco says. "I'm afraid it will take Presidential action again to get him in with his old man."

GI's Invention Made Official

Camp Barkeley, Tex.—Two years ago, at Fort Knox, Ky., T/Sgt. John K. Barron Jr. of the 12th Armd. Div. devised a vest-pocket fixture to support bogies when removing and replacing bands and wheels. He called it the "bogie wheel arm lifter" and with it he and his crew were able to change tracks on a tank faster than the manufacturers could. Just nine minutes were required from the time the vehicle entered the motor shed to the time that it was driven out.

Barron's device was tested thoroughly by Army engineers. They tried in every way to make the H-shaped holder drop the wheels which it supported but found that the weight of the wheels themselves held it in place.

Now bearing an Army nomenclature, "H Wrench for Half Tracks," the device has been termed by *Army Motors* "a half-tracker's dream come true."

AROUND THE CAMPS

Yuma Army Air Field, Ariz.—Pfc. George G. Oxley of Squadron 7, Class 44-13, brought forth a new idea to herald the birth of his son Michael. The announcement was in the form of a small, four-page prospectus, the first page of which read: "ANNOUNCING THE 1944 MODEL OXLEY (CUS-

WINNING TEAM. This is not football, just a bunch of soldiers with a heady feeling of victory. At Camp Breckinridge, Ky., l. to r.: Pvts. Frank Brown, Linfield, Pa.; Roland Hall, Coal Center, Pa.; James Cobb, Bradford, Pa.; Frank Kaminski, Scranton, Pa.; Philip Larson, Duluth, Minn.; Henry Lausch, Ephrata, Pa.; Wiley Harmon, Philadelphia, Pa.

JACK POT. T/Sgt. Venzel (Pop) Schneider, Kelly Field, Tex., 27 years in, with six decorations, finally got the Good Conduct Ribbon.

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A long view of the Army's 50-foot K-car with a GI food handler taking a shower in the back.

New K-Car Is a Mess Sergeant's Dream

Fort Benjamin Harrison, Ind.—Three new-type kitchen cars for troop trains went into service here recently. The new vehicles are to replace makeshift kitchen cars converted from old baggage coaches in which field ranges were anchored to the center of the car in sand.

The new K-car, as it is officially designated, is a troop-train mess sergeant's dream. It carries two Army iron ranges set against one center wall. The ranges burn coal, but also can be used with wood for fuel.

The car is designed to make use of practically every inch of space and contains a pantry stocked for seven meals, built-in refrigerators, a utility cabinet, twin sinks for washing utensils, and serving counters that help speed up the movement of the chow line.

Tanks in three corners of the 50-foot-long car hold 1,000 gallons of water which, by the use of a hand pump supplying pressure, provide running hot and cold water. A shower for the use of kitchen personnel is in another corner of the car.

TOM BUILT)." In the listing of particulars of the new "model" was this: "Flaws—Horn Blows and Radiator Leaks."

Camp White, Oreg.—After 33 ham-and-eggless months in Alaska, a newly arrived GI created quite a stir in Cafeteria No. 2 here recently. Walking up to the hostess, Miss Joyce Holte, the soldier offered her $500 for a plate of ham, eggs and toast and, without waiting for her answer, began counting out the bills. He got $499.60 in change.

Camp Ellis, Ill.—Pfc. Evelyn Goossens of the WAC Detachment here has a claim to being the youngest grandmother in the service. Now 36, she was only 35 when her daughter, Mrs. Alice Herr, 20, of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, gave birth to a daughter on Jan. 19 last. Pfc. Goossens was married at 14; her daughter waited until she was 19.

Camp Swift, Tex—At a recent showdown inspection of ASTP men joining the 405th Inf., the inspecting officer was amazed at the collection of issue Pvt. James H. White had before him. White had 13 pairs of socks, two extra OD shirts, a spare blouse and other additional articles of regular issue. "You must have been a good friend of the supply sergeant," the officer said. "Sir," beamed White, "I *was* the supply sergeant."

Moore Field, Tex.—1st Sgt. Charles B. Douthit of the 1019th Guard Sq. sent a request to the Superintendent of Documents, WD, for 50 field manuals on "Military Training." In a short time he received 50 copies of a pamphlet on "Care of Infants."

Stockton Field, Calif.—Cpl. Eugenie Trumbull, Air-WAC Detachment clerk, was crowned recently as the speediest typist among this field's clerks. Cpl. Trumbull pecked out a record of 68 words per minute, easily triumphing over 1st Sgt. George M. Evankovich of the 60th Sq., who scored 56.6 words per minute.

Mitchel Field, N. Y.—Sgt. Oke Nordgren was recently named winner of a $100 prize in a contest sponsored by the Washington (D. C.) *Evening Star* for the best painting in the annual exhibition of the Society of Washington Artists. Nordgren's entry, called "Barrack Still Life," showed a rifle, gas mask and helmet lying on a table by a window through which could be seen the background of a company street.

Crane Naval Ammunition Depot, Ind.—Mrs. Elizabeth Little was behind the counter of a local grocery store here when she turned around to wait on a customer. She stared and gulped. The customer was her husband, M. C. Little WT3c, just back from overseas service. Away since June of last year, Little returned unexpectedly and rushed home without notifying either his wife or parents.

13th Station, Springfield, Ill.—West Coast transfer championship honors, claimed recently by Pvt. Harold Cutter of Fresno, Calif., [YANK, Feb. 25] are disputed by Pfc. Willie Lowe of San Francisco, Calif., who has moved 12 times in 13 months. His itinerary: Presidio of Monterey, Calif.; Mather Field, Calif.; Deming AAF, N. Mex.; Atlantic City, N. J.; LaGuardia Field, N. Y.; Newark, N. J.; Roosevelt Field, N. Y.; Maxwell Field, Ala.; Jackson AAB, Miss.; Tyndall Field, Fla.; Jackson AAB, Miss., and finally, 13th Station.

Keesler Field, Miss.—For four consecutive nights Pfc. William Strang was awakened by the CQ's voice yelling that it was 0530 and time for reveille. Each time he bounced out of bed to find that he'd been dreaming. The fifth time Strang yawned and turned over. Only this time it was no dream; as a result he was late for roll call and got clipped for latrine orderly.

Greenwood Army Air Field, Miss.—Sgt. Ed Paolucci, sports editor of the *Gremlin*, usually spotlights the name of the bowler with the week's three-game high score. Recently, an early deadline prevented Paolucci from computing the results of the week's bowling and the name was omitted. Then he found that high three games for that week had been rolled by—Sgt. Ed Paolucci.

SEX NO FACTOR. At Camp Pinedale, Calif., you don't have to be a strong male to be an MP. Three Wacs have the job of guarding a front gate there. Pvt. Hermalyne Bodwell (right) checks up on a couple of Wacs as they go out.

SHOE-SHOE BABY. This is Pfc. Mickey Palmer, proprietor of Palmer's Polishing Parlor, in the WAC Detachment, Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md. She shines shoes in her spare time for soldiers and patriotically invests the proceeds in War Bonds.

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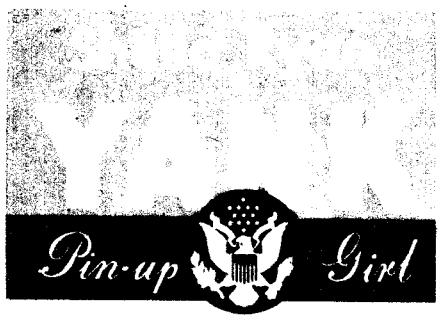

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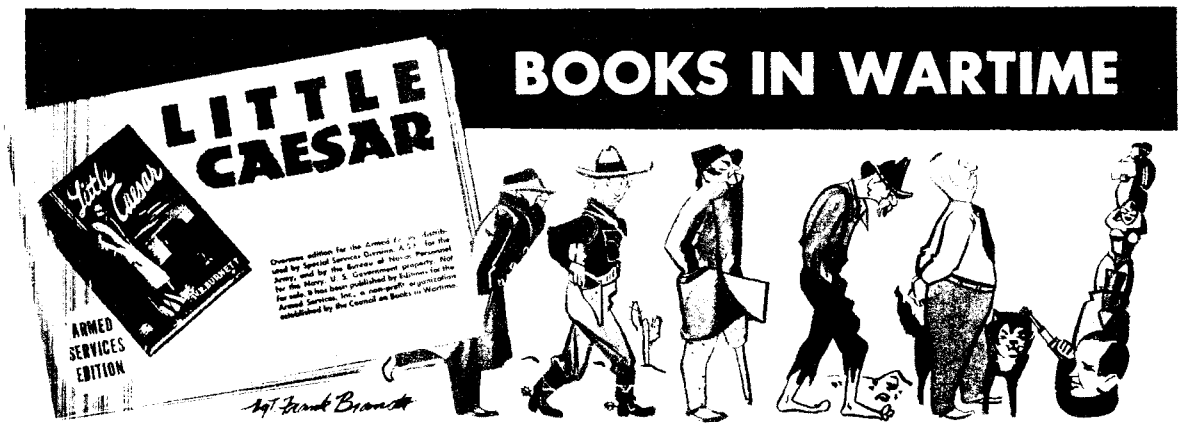
BOOKS IN WARTIME



HERE are the 30 titles which make up the seventh or "G" series of the Armed Services Editions, the paper-bound pocket-size books published monthly for GIs overseas by the Council of Books in Wartime. There are 80,000 copies of each title in this series, an increase of 3,000 copies per title over the preceding series and of 30,000 per title over the first five series. Of this series the Army gets 63,000 copies of each book, the Navy 15,000 and the War Prisoners' Aid 2,000. The books are being distributed by the Special Service Division, ASF, for the Army and by the Bureau of Navy Personnel for the Navy.

G-181 THE GLORIOUS POOL *By Thorne Smith*
Two gay old lechers and the fountain of youth.

G-182 WHITE FANG *By Jack London*
Grim and gripping dog story of the frozen North.

G-183 LOW MAN ON A TOTEM POLE *By H. Allen Smith*
A sparkling report on life among the screwballs.

G-184 TRAIL'S END *By William MacLeod Raine*
A fairly good Western for such as like Westerns.

G-185 MY ANTONIA *By Willa Cather*
Bohemian settlers of the Nebraska prairie lands.

G-186 LONG, LONG AGO *By Alexander Woollcott*
Stories, articles and Town Crier broadcasts.

G-187 SAM SMALL FLIES AGAIN *By Eric Knight*
Delightful adventures of the Flying Yorkshireman.

G-188 TAPS FOR PRIVATE TUSSIE *By Jesse Stuart*
A hillbilly family collects $10,000 GI insurance.

G-189 KAMONGO *By Homer W. Smith*
A scientist writes of lungfish and the human mind.

G-190 THE TRUSTY KNAVES *By Eugene M. Rhodes*
Plot and counterplot in the Old West.

G-191 LITTLE CAESAR *By W. R. Burnett*
An old Chicago gangster story that's still good reading

G-192 INSIDE BENCHLEY *By Robert Benchley*
A collection of his best humor.

G-193 HOW TO THINK STRAIGHT *By Robert H. Thouless*
Including safeguards against propaganda.

G-194 THE MIRROR OF THE SEA *By Joseph Conrad*
A master storyteller's memories of early sailing days.

G-195 RAIDERS OF THE RIMROCK *By Luke Short*
Texas cowboy, beautiful girl, murdered sheriff.

G-196 A CRYSTAL AGE *By W. H. Hudson*
A young man's picture of the perfect civilization.

G-197 LAUGH WITH LEACOCK *By Stephen Leacock*
Selections from an outstanding humorist.

G-198 KIM *By Rudyard Kipling*
Life in India long before Stilwell got there.

G-199 JOURNEY INTO AMERICA *By Donald Culross Peattie*
Some great days in American history.

G-200 AS THE EARTH TURNS *By Gladys Hasty Carroll*
A pleasant year with a New England farm family.

G-201 YOUNG MAN OF CARACAS *By T. R. Ybarra*
Son of a Boston beauty and a Venezuelan general.

G-202 AROUSE AND BEWARE *By MacKinlay Kantor*
An escape from Richmond to the Union lines.

G-203 THIS CHEMICAL AGE *By William Haynes*
Nylons, rayons and other miracles of chemistry.

G-204 THUNDERHEAD *By Mary O'Hara*
The growth of a boy and his colt, the son of Flicka.

G-205 THE FLEET IN THE FOREST *By Carl D. Lane*
Sea fighting in the War of 1812.

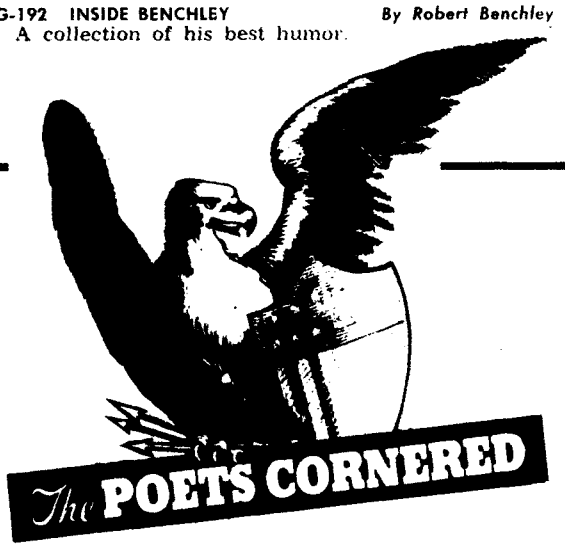
G-206 BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES OF 1943. *Edited by Martha Foley*
Pfc. William Saroyan to Pfc. Irwin Shaw with civilian detours.

G-207 ROGUES' COMPANY *By Harry Harrison Kroll*
Murders and horse stealing in the early 1800s.

G-208 H. M. PULHAM, ESQ. *By John P. Marquand*
Life in one of Boston's genteel ruts.

G-209 MOBY DICK *By Herman Melville*
Capt. Ahab and the great white whale.

G-210 EAST OF THE GIANTS *By George R. Stewart*
Pioneering and passion in Old Californy.



ICELAND

Post 1—0400 Hours

The black clouds vault from Asja's altar top
Upon the backs of winds, for some Walpurgis rite
That sets the night amoan and hurls the snow
In cruel phalanxes against the sentry box.
The frost with slow persistence gnaws with teeth of rats
While quisling sleep caresses lids with promises of dreams of home.
"To talk to no one"—not to wraiths who plunge deceitfully
The honed poniards of nostalgia deep within the breast,
"To walk my post"—but not in dreams nor fantasies
But head erect, to try to pierce the night,
To see beyond the dark to dawn, relief,
And fit this tortured moment in its niche.

Post 2—0600 Hours

The chimneys on our huts spin whorls of heat
Into a sunrise scarred by barriers of wires;
The mountains glow as with internal fires
But are cold and wear about their shoulders
Boas of clouds. Pale yellow bars of rays
Press through the sky toward Reykjavik
And fondle the camouflaged ships
Drowsing at anchor into a quiet awakening.
Wonderingly the cattle stare, then moan
While the supple throats of cocks cry "reveille"
As I stand, a sentinel upon a hill
Staring across a land that is not my own.

Iceland —T-5 HENRY C. MEYER

MISGIVINGS ON GOOD FRIDAY
(For Certain People)

The hope of the world is hard to kill,
Hard to keep buried, hard to guard.
Seal it up with what rock you will—
When you've stoned it, hanged it, stabbed it hard,
Betrayed it, denied it, raised your cries
And trooped to its agony high on a hill,
Seen it die with your own two eyes,
Seen for yourself its burial.
Still,
Never be sure it will not arise,
Go to the small folk, dry their tears,
Smile at their doubt, overlook their lies
And walk the earth for a million years!

Greenland —Cpl. JOHN A. DUNN

ALWAYS, LOVE

Were there some transcendent tongue
That could soar beyond the
Limitations of a language that anchors us
To an expression which at best
Wears a 10-cent lipstick
And a hand-me-down dress;
Were there some winged speech
Scented with my heart's perfume
And sprinkled with my mind's alchemy;
Were the poem unsung, the tear unshed,
Had the sigh been bridled, the lash not drooped;
But mortal tongue speaks mortal word,
With banal phrase, with deification crafted
In time beyond memory,
"I love thee."

Fort Benning, Ga. —Pfc. SIDNEY SCHNEIDER

SONNET

If, in the dreadful and imperiled ways
Which lead men to achievement and to peace,
I shall seek shelter in the withered leas,
Stretching beyond the content of my days,
Let them not plead with a finality,
Invoke the mercy of eternity,
But offer only for the hulk which stays
Three faded roses and an ancient vase.
These shall be my remembrance: blooms which die,
Three withered remnants of a fertile plot,
A shattered memory of sunlit days.
Let these adorn with an unmuttered sigh,
Perhaps a grave, perhaps a tortured cot:
Three faded roses and an ancient vase.

Australia —Pvt. HARRY A. ECKSTEIN

ALEUTIAN JOY

Nothing daunted by perpetual chill
In his avid search for some tasty swill,
The raven dives at a moment's detection
Of a suitable dump of tainted perfection.

Shrilling, cawing, loud and brash,
On spotting a juicy pile of trash,
Down he swoops with corvine greed,
Soon joined by friends in noisy feed.

The extermination of this ravished ruck
Is soon announced by contented cluck,
As he homeward wheels from his diurnal glut,
Serenely happy with a bulging gut.

Aleutians —S/Sgt. LEROY A. METCALF Jr.

THE LOVE OF ISLANDS

The love of islands is a recent one.
When spreading seas across the globe revealed
Their dots of land beneath the foreign suns,
The hearts turned seaward from the battlefields
And longed for haven shores and peaceful plains,
For homes protected by an ocean's breadth,
For solitude and shelter from war's rain,
For winds untainted by the smell of death.
But overhead are wings and motors' roar,
And nowhere are there peaceful fields to name
As safe from war, or any bloodless shore
Untouched by death, and from the tide of flame
Across the world, the retrogressing waves
Force back on Man his ancient love of caves.

Camp Shanks, N. Y. —Sgt. HAROLD APPLEBAUM

THERE'S no telling where you're liable to find a pin-up girl these days. We found this one sitting on top of an automobile, strangely comfortable and unusually pretty and just the right fit for that page across the way. So we grabbed her, of course. The name is Sheila Ryan. Her latest picture for 20th Century-Fox is "Ladies of Washington."

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PX

★ This Post Exchange, like YANK itself, is wide open to you. Send your cartoons, poems and stories to: The Post Exchange, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. If your contribution misses the mark, you will receive YANK's special de luxe rejection slip to inspire you to new efforts.

Kernels of GI Corn

ADOLF HITLER, author of the recent best seller, *Mein Kampf*, is at work now on a sequel. The new opus will be called *Mein Gott!*

Remember the Berlin soldiers who were sent to the Russian front as punishment? Those who are still eight-balls in Russia are being given stricter punishment now: they're being sent back to Berlin.

Back in the States we hear that in order to get mustering-out pay you first have to get out of the Army. We knew there was a catch to it somewhere. —Pfc. MAX STAMLER and Pfc. WILLIAM SELWYN

Camp Crowder, Mo.

CAPTAIN: See that rookie policing the area over there? He looks like OCS material.

COLONEL: Why does he look like OCS material?

CAPTAIN: Because he is only picking up the popular brands.

PRIVATE: They're shipping so many officers back to the States that the girls here are going out with enlisted men.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS: Letting the bars down, eh?

CAPTAIN: See that private mopping the floor over there? He is a Harvard man.

COLONEL: How do you know he is a Harvard man?

CAPTAIN: He's using a Harvard stroke.

Alaska —Pfc. A. B. KUPIDLOWSKI

A missionary friend of ours, who went to Africa to set up places of worship for the natives, has returned. They sent him back because he'd completed his 50 missions.

A dentist examined me yesterday for cavities and asked where I could be found in case of an air raid.

A corporal I know is doing his damndest to get into OCS. He isn't interested in the extra pay, but he'd like to get a date with a Wac.

The Signal Corps is planning to cross carrier pigeons with bats for night flying.

Casablanca —Pvt. ART PAUL

DILEMMA

When they argue a soldier's bonus
And calculate the sums,
Each senator wants the onus
Of dishing out the plums.

But once in the fiscal orchard
He entered with such glee,
Each senator's mind is tortured
With the shaking of each tree.

Camp Shelby, Miss. —S/Sgt. A. L. CROUCH

Tomorrow Morning

"YOU'RE awful pretty, Jeannie," he said.

She moved contentedly against his shoulder. He bent over and kissed her.

He couldn't understand why he was acting this way. Tomorrow morning he'd be home, his first furlough. Tomorrow morning he'd be with his wife.

"It's kind of like you were made for this shoulder," he whispered.

"Sure is." Her voice was low, exciting.

"Funny, isn't it? Our meeting, and all."

"Nice though."

"Things like this only happen in the movies."

"We're lucky, aren't we?"

"I'll say we are."

The train was lurching across the Indiana plains. Tomorrow morning, he thought—and there was a moment when he could feel his wife against him as he was kissing her, making love. Tomorrow morning.

The overhead lights were turned off. Blue bulbs at each end of the coach cast enough gleam for him to see Jeannie's rumpled blond hair.

He stood up in the darkness and brought down his Army overcoat from the shelf above him. He sat down and kissed Jeannie lightly on the mouth. Then, slowly and carefully he covered first her and then himself with the big woolen coat. Only their heads and ankles were visible.

Tomorrow morning, he thought as he moved closer to Jeannie.

Camp Abbot, Oreg. —Pfc. FRED CHERRY

MAIL CALL ($.75)

"See that your serviceman gets plenty of mail . . . I will write four letters a month for $3. Two months, $5."

—*F. Harris, Burbank, Calif.*

Serviceman, serviceman, where have you been?
I've been in the mail room since 0715.

Serviceman, serviceman, what came today?
A letter from Harris, the fourth one since May.

Serviceman, serviceman, what does he write?
His letter, as usual, is cheery and bright;
It's full of the good things, of thoughts that ring true.
He mentions, "I'm proud to be writing to you!
It's great," he enthuses, "to know you're alive.
Please remit the three bucks, or better yet, five."

Greenwood Army Air Field, Miss. —Sgt. R. W. CAHOON

"Jonesy pulls CQ here every night."
—Pfc. Jon Kennedy, Camp Robinson, Ark.

Hedy Lamarr Loves Me

"SOLDIERS FIND ESCAPE IN MOVIES."
—*Newspaper headline.*

THE first sergeant and a posse of acting corporals were out trying to flush me for a night detail, so I ducked into the post theater in order to escape. And boy, did I escape!

Hedy Lamarr and some geezer with a mustache were drinking white wine in a little cafe with a continental flavor. Hedy was a sweet and simple peasant girl; this rich guy was a wolf and up to no good. I could see she was falling for him. He could see it, too, and suddenly his conscience began to bother him. She was too pure, too sincere. He was going to take her home, right now. Just as he signaled the waiter for the check, something began to happen to me. A mist formed in front of my eyes. I began to feel giddy, light, weightless. I started to float—up, up, out, out—out of my seat and up toward the screen. . . .

Hedy Lamarr's eyes, deep velvet pools, were boring into mine. "You have such fine hands," she whispered. "Such good, good hands." Her voice was a caress. "Hedy," I muttered brokenly, "you do care, don't you?" "Care, *mon cheri?* Care, my own durtle tove?" I am mad for you. You are so strong, so brown. This uniform you wear—you are an American soldier, no?"

"Yes, Hedy, a soldier of America. I have come to rescue you and your country from bondage. Me and my buddies, Dakota and Brooklyn." Boldly I placed my hand on her diaphragm. She did not withdraw. "Tell me, my loaf, you are an officaire, no?"

"Yes, Hedy," I breathed. "I am a private—a private first class. Do you love me?"

"Sh-h!" she replied, drawing back startled. "Not here. The ears have walls. Come with me across the bridge. We will blow up the domp, the powdaire domp."

With a gay, reckless laugh I seized Hedy in my arms and vaulted to the chandelier. Swinging lightly by the knees I made the rooftop in one bound. Directly below, her stacks blue in the night, was the enemy carrier. Luckily I remembered where I had stacked my arms. Sighting carefully I squeezed off the shot. I heard a dull roar and flames lit up the river. Hedy looked adorable in Technicolor.

I devoured her with my eyes. "Take all you can eat," she murmured, "but eat all you take." "Hedy," I beseeched, "do you love me?"

"Yes, you mad boy," she laughed, "but now I must leave you for a while. There are more enemy ships. You will need help. I go get Gary Cooper and Cary Grant."

Suddenly she dissolved. But no matter—I knew she loved me.

The whole underground was shouting my name, quietly, of course. The roars grew louder, the light grew more glaring. Louder, louder, brighter, brighter, louder, brighter, louder—and there was the audience, getting to its feet, walking to the exits, and among them, of all people, was I.

I don't want to go back to camp. I want to escape some more. I like to escape. It's more fun than real life. *I wanna go back to the movies!*

Camp Upton, N. Y. —Pfc. MARTIN WELDON

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SPORTS: HERE'S HOW THE MAJOR LEAGUE RACES LOOK AS OF THIS MINUTE

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

ENCOURAGED by the outstanding success of our first publication, *A Handy Guide to the Kentucky Derby*, we now offer, at no increase in prices, *A Handy Guide to the Major League Pennant Races*, which includes the confessions of a draft board and a short cut to the World Series.

Washington Senators. What happened to Clark Griffith shouldn't happen to your mother-in-law. This spring he stocked his club with a gang of draftproof Cubans and hired an interpreter so Manager Ossie Bluege could communicate with them. Then came the draft edict that all foreigners must either register with the draft here or go home. The Cubans beat it back to the canebrakes and the interpreter, we understand, is now playing center field.

New York Yankees. There's absolutely no truth in the rumor that Yankee Stadium will be turned into an induction center. In fact, Spud Chandler and Ernie Bonham—both of whom had passed their induction physicals and were about ready to enter the Army—have returned to the team under the latest draft directive deferring men 26 and over. Shortstop Frankie Crosetti, now waiting a draft call, may come back, too. Joe McCarthy insists the Yanks are the team to beat. "After all," he says, "we're champions, aren't we?"

Chicago White Sox. Here's the team that might beat the Yankees. Lou Boudreau, a pure Einstein from Cleveland, says they've got the power to do it. That power Boudreau is talking about is Hal Trosky, a 300-plus slugger whom Lou traded to the White Sox last winter.

St. Louis Browns. Good field, good hit, good pitching and good chance. The infield of Vern Stephens, George McQuinn and Don Gutteridge is especially strong. They'll be close.

Boston Red Sox. They're keeping the draft status of their players a closely guarded secret. But it's no secret that Joe Cronin is 1-A and the pitching staff is shot.

Detroit Tigers. What's left of the pitching staff is strong and safe: Newhouser (4-F), Trout (4-F), Overmire (4-F) and Gorsica (4-F). But when 1-A Rudy York goes, that's the ball game, chums.

Don Savage, highly-valuable 4-F from Newark, cuts loose a throw from third base, where he'll play this season for the Yankees.

Cleveland Indians. Their best team is in service and Boudreau is about ready to join them.

Philadelphia Athletics. Connie Mack is now 81.

St. Louis Cardinals. The only thing that could keep them from winning the pennant is a case of measles. Even if they do lose Slats Marion, Walker Cooper and Stan Musial, they've got the reserves to step in and keep them going at a swift pace. To fill Cooper's chest protector, they have Ken O'Dea, who can bang the ball out of sight on occasion. Pepper Martin will play the outfield as long as he holds together.

Pittsburgh Pirates. They have enough bounce and defense to stir up a pretty good race. They might even finish second. Rip (4-Ephus) Sewell should win six million games against the kind of hitting he will face.

Boston Braves. Bob Coleman will boot this club home to a rousing first-division finish. No kidding.

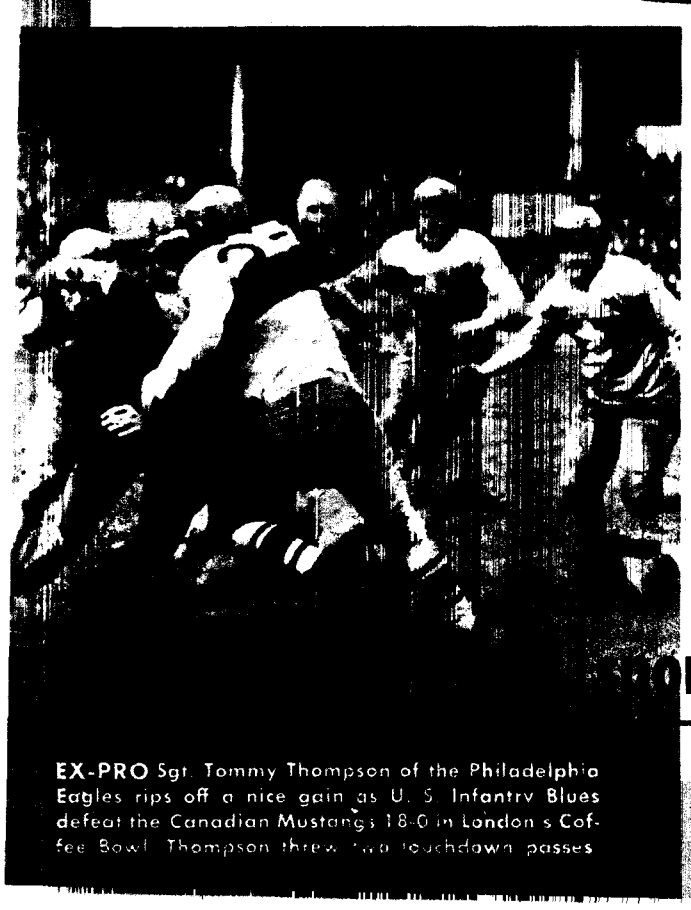
Cincinnati Reds. The Reds you want to bet on are playing in another league.

Chicago Cubs. Jimmy Wilson is trying to trade Lou Novikoff for a catcher. He'd better get some pitchers while he's at it. The Cub outfield is drunk with power and will make trouble. Left to right: Bill Nicholson, Dom Dallessandro and Ival Goodman with Ed Sauer (.368 at Nashville), Andy Pafko (.353 at Los Angeles) and Novikoff waiting for a chance to break in.

Brooklyn Dodgers. Things are so bad at Ebbets Field that a fan leaned over the grandstand the other day and yelled to Dixie Walker, who was playing third: "Hey, Dixie, get the hell outta there before you get hoit." The Dodgers haven't a single regular infielder left from last year. Tom Warren, a discharged Navy Commando who fought at Casablanca, will be a starting pitcher.

New York Giants. Mel Ott is 1-A, which is the highest classification the Giants will get all season.

Philadelphia Blue Jays. By any name, they're still the Phillies.



EX-PRO Sgt. Tommy Thompson of the Philadelphia Eagles rips off a nice gain as U. S. Infantry Blues defeat the Canadian Mustangs 18-0 in London's Coffee Bowl. Thompson threw two touchdown passes

...orts service record

WHEN **Joe Louis** winds up his present exhibition tour of American and British camps in England, he will probably swing into the Mediterranean theater and then to the CBI. **Sgt. Ray Robinson,** who teamed with Louis in a comedy skit on the U. S. tour, didn't make the trip. He was left behind at Halloran General Hospital, where he's under observation. . . . New GI baseball managers: **Johnny Rigney** at the Norfolk Naval Station; **Sgt. Pat Mullin** at Camp Sibert, Ala.; **Pvt. Tommy Bridges** at Camp Crowder, Mo. . . . **Lynn Patrick,** the ex-New York Ranger, is vice president of Class 26 at the Provost Marshal OCS. His kid brother **Muzz** won a commission at the same school last year. . . . **Midget Smith,** a great bantamweight and a veteran of the last war, is now stationed in Italy and says he has something extra in **Pvt. Homer Rogers** as a heavyweight prospect. . . . One of the starting pitchers for the Los Angeles Angels in the Coast League is **Gerald Juzek,** who was cut down by machine-gun fire at Guadalcanal and told he'd never be able to walk again. . . . **A/C Bill Dudley,** Virginia's great running back of 1941, is now in advanced twin-engine training at Ellington Field, Tex. . . . The other night at Oakland, Calif., **Pvt. Harold Blackshear,** a GI heavyweight from Monterey, dropped a 10-round decision to **Al Jordan.** After the fight, two MPs climbed into the ring and arrested him. He had been AWOL for 32 days. . . . **Lt. Comdr. Jock Sutherland,** the old Pittsburgh and Dodgers' football coach, is CO of the Navy rest home at Deland, Fla. . . . Here's a line-up of college football players who are now fighting in PT boats in the South Pacific: **Boudreau, Holovak** and **Levanitis,** Boston College; **Lillis, McCormick,** and **Crimmins,** Notre Dame; **Atkinson** and **Holdgraf,** Vanderbilt; **Sangster** and **Tappan,** Southern California; **Pannell,** Texas A & M; **Ely,** Tulane; **Schwenk,** St. Louis. . . . **Lt. John Riley,** former Norfolk marathoner, filed his entry blank for the annual Hopkinton-to-Boston Marathon from New Guinea, where he's pilot. "Just for sentimental reasons," he wrote.

Ordered for induction: **Henry Armstrong,** former triple titleholder, by the Army; **Johnny Lindell,** Yankee center fielder and clean-up hitter, by the Navy; **Narry (Peanuts) Lowrey,** Chicub infielder-outfielder, by the Army; **Bill Lee,** veteran Philly Blue Jay pitcher, by the Army; **Bob Muncrief,** St Louis Browns' right-hander, by the Army. . . . *Rejected:* Not a bad knee in the house this week. . . . *Promoted:* **Cpl. Art Passarella,** former American League umpire, to sergeant at Camp Grant, Ill. . . . *Discharged:* **Sgt. Barney Ross** from the Marines with a CDD because of malaria.

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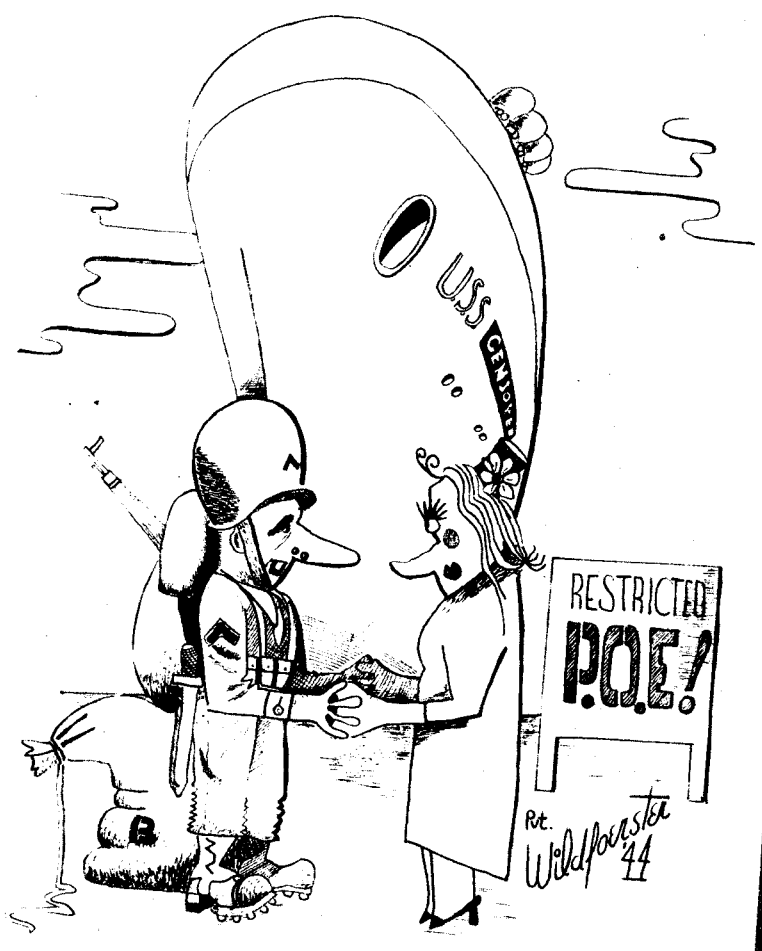

"WHEREVER I GO, DAPHNE, WHATEVER I DO—YOUR FACE WILL INSPIRE ME TO LOFTIER GOALS."
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